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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

ECONOMIC CONDITIONS IN THE RUHR

THE exact economic condition of Germany when the French invaded the Ruhr has been a difficult thing to fix. The estimates have varied with the opinions of the estimators. Whether Germany, with an almost uncanny premonition, had been hoarding not only gold, but iron and particularly coal, to any extent, is a moot question. Many point out the fact, not wholly undisputed, that there are substantial gold reserves yet untouched, and that the scare which followed the fall of the franc will have the effect of more strenuous attempts on the part of France to reimburse herself in the Ruhr, for which reason a stiffer Teutonic resistance may be expected.

In the Ruhr district to-day economic life has been especially disorganized by the seizure of the Reichsbank at Essen, which caused so much antagonism in local banking circles that the French, fearing the billions might be withdrawn to be used in some other part of the Empire, called off their military guards, and merely kept the bank under surveillance.

Business has been going on 'as usual,' though the efforts of the banks were made difficult by the stoppage in the postal, telephone, and train serv-

ices, as well as by the big demands of the Coal Syndicate and the Pig-iron Union. The cash reserves of the banks, made necessary by the tremendous note-circulation, are so great that they are technically next to unmanageable. The cash in the tills of many banks, billions of it, has to be counted and tied up in bundles, which takes days to accomplish.

The *Berliner Börsen-Zeitung* of February 17 prints the opinion of its expert to the effect that German industries outside of the occupied zones were provided with sufficient coal to last them a long time, at least six weeks, by which time they will doubtless receive English coal to the amount of two million and one half tons, say by the first of April. If this seems inconsistent with the pessimistic report of the Controller of the Reparations Commission, it is pointed out that since the occupation of the Ruhr all deliveries of Reparations coal have ceased, that coal used in industries is mostly English, and that, on account of the rise in prices, industries have curtailed their consumption.

More lignite and more German hard coal are now being used, especially the former. Household supplies in Germany, consisting of lignite, briquettes, and gas coke, are fairly abundant.

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It is worthy of remark that the mere fact of the slight rise in the value of the mark and the corresponding fall of the franc have had a sentimental but decidedly stimulating effect on the morale of the German rank and file.

THE FRENCH VIEW

THE *Economic Review* said, in its issue of March 2: 'In the course of a statement on foreign affairs recently made to the Foreign Affairs Commission of the Chamber, the Premier, M. Poincaré, supplied the following statistics relating to the occupation of the Ruhr. The occupied territory of the Ruhr has an area of 2800 square kilometres of which 500 square kilometres only remain outside the occupied zone. The annual output of coal in the former is 90 million tons and in the latter 8000 tons. The State mines yield about one fifth of the total output. The coke furnaces number 14,500, of which the French hold 14,200 capable of producing 80,000 tons a day. The population of the district is three and a half millions, of which three millions are in the occupied area, and includes 500,000 miners, 450,000 working in the occupied area. The majority of the miners are German, but some 80,000 are Poles, and the administrative staff consists of from 1000 to 1200 persons. France controls eight tenths of the output. The French have never thought of working the mines, but confined themselves to exercising supervision over output by their engineers, of which there are sixty, mostly French. Some British engineers are expected shortly.

'Formerly there were 40,000 railwaymen in the Ruhr and 120,000 in Rhineland, a staff which was able to ensure a daily service of 580 passenger and 420 good trains. Up to the present, France had only sent the compara-

tively small number of 9640 railwaymen, who have had to overcome the difficulties arising from a different system of working and a peculiar system of signals. Under those conditions it is no matter for surprise that hitherto the French have only been able to run seventy trains a day. The refusal of the German railwaymen to continue their service does more harm to Germany than to the Allies, who chiefly concern themselves with keeping up the service of trains loaded with coal for France, Belgium, and friendly nations. Up to the present 1026 truckloads of coal and coke have been dispatched to France and Belgium. In addition, thousands of barges of coal have been sent to Strassburg and Antwerp.'

FRANCE'S FALLING BIRTH-RATE

THE *Daily Telegraph* prints the following from its Paris correspondent:—

'The figures just issued by the National Alliance are a melancholy reminder to patriotic Frenchmen of the progressive diminution of the birth-rate. For the ten largest cities in France the births only numbered 93,891 in 1922, compared with 100,811 in 1921—a decrease of 7.4 per cent. In all these great centres—Paris, Marseille, Lyon, Bordeaux, Lille, Strassburg, Nantes, Toulouse, Saint-Étienne, and Nice—far fewer babies entered the world than in the previous year, but it is perhaps surprising that the decrease was much more marked in some of these cities than in Paris, notably in Bordeaux, where the births fell from 6555 to 5021. In Nice, on the other hand, the decline was very small.

'Other statistics show that in Paris, although there has been a distinct decrease in other crimes of violence, infanticide and abortion are increasing.

In the past year 156 such crimes were brought before the police, apart from many that are said to have been concealed. Overcrowding is believed to be largely responsible. The widespread depopulation of rural France is another disquieting feature which has for some time past resulted in a considerable immigration of labor, chiefly from Italy, Poland, and Rumania.

'To add to these nationalities, it is now stated that in Normandy there are whole districts where only Flemish is spoken, the prolific sons and daughters of Belgium eagerly taking advantage of the rich land awaiting their industry. It is said that the same sort of thing is going on in Brittany — hitherto famous for the fecundity of its people. In the South, Italians and Spanish are slowly penetrating. To what extent this is due to the methods of prevention, and to what extent the undoubted fascination of town life plays a part, is a matter for speculation, but it is evident that France is in the process of repopulation — by people of other races.'

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JAPANESE MANHOOD SUFFRAGE

THE question, whether the grant of manhood suffrage would cure the ills of government, was debated for six hours in the Japanese Diet on February 24, the House finally adjourning without coming to a vote. The annual popular demonstration in favor of manhood suffrage was carried out on a large scale, many thousands marching in the procession, which incidentally stopped at the Palace to cheer the Emperor. The more conservative elements allege that the movement is being artificially stimulated by the press, and that Japan is not yet ripe for this measure. 'Evolution and not Revolution' is their cry. The measure, fathered by the Opposition, is bound to be defeated.

IN THE REICHSTAG

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Nation* and the *Athenæum* of February 10 gives an excellent idea of the appearance of the German Diet while in session: —

'Last Friday I attended the final meeting of the Reichstag before its adjournment till the twelfth. There sat the various parties in the great semicircle of the House, divided into wedges according to their opinions. The wedge on the extreme left of the Speaker's chair was for the Communists and the relic of the "Independent" Socialists (only two of them left). Next came the United Socialists, the largest single body in the House, with about 170 to 180 members; then the Democrats, including most of the "Intelligentsia"; then the Centrum, strong in steady-going, immovable Catholicism; then the "People's Party," dubiously so called, for it is the party of "Big Business," of Stinnes, and the group that pulls the wires of industry and speculation; and farther on the right come the Nationalists, who may be called generally reactionary, and are closely associated with a small party of Anti-Semites, who take the extreme right of all. There are thirty women members out of the 460. Each member is at present paid 140,000 marks a month, which sounds a good lot (£7,000 on the old exchange), but as an ordinary suit of clothes now costs 300,000 marks, a member's monthly pay would hardly buy him a pair of trousers.

'A member used to speak from his seat, but now he mounts a stand or "tribune" just below the Speaker's chair, so as to be better heard. On this occasion little attention was paid to the speeches. The acoustics of the House are bad. The buzz of conversation continued throughout. The Speaker rang his bell in vain. Everyone was

expecting the Chancellor Cuno to speak, and he was there, sitting at the head of the Government bench on the Speaker's right. But suddenly he got up and left without a word. Socialists spoke, protesting against the adjournment at this moment of extreme crisis. A Communist spoke, maintaining that the present misery was due to the combination of capitalists for the control of coal and iron. Various others spoke for one party or another. But all had one thought at heart. If on the first day of the war the Kaiser could say that party animosities were forgotten and all were Germans and nothing but Germans then, one might justly say it now. Since the beginning of the war, no day had been more critical or more threatening. "It is August, 1914, over again," one deputy said to me. Next day the price of bread was doubled.'



MUSSOLINI REACTIONARY?

PEOPLE who vaguely fancied that the Italian Premier and his Black-Shirts formed an element dangerously near to Red radicalism will have been somewhat disillusioned, or relieved, as the case may be, at the blow dealt to Freemasonry by the Fascisti. Under date of February 21, the *Manchester Guardian* remarks:—

'The Grand Fascist Council arrived a few days ago at a remarkable decision. In future no Fascist may belong to a Masonic lodge. If his fidelity to Freemasonry outweighs his devotion to Fascism, he is at perfect liberty to retire from the Black-Shirt organization and no one will think the worse of him for it. But adherence to the two creeds at once is henceforward on no account to be permitted. The significance of this decision is twofold. In the first place it marks a new step forward in that process of reconciliation between the Vatican and the Quirinal

which has made notable progress in the course of the last year both before and since the Fascist revolution.

'It will be remembered that the election of Pope Pius XI, almost exactly a year ago, was remarkable for the resumption of a practice that had been discontinued since 1870—the blessing of the crowd from the balcony of St. Peter's. On that occasion Italian troops presented arms, thus tacitly acknowledging the Pope's manifestation of cordiality. As soon as Signor Mussolini assumed office he declared his intention of having done once for all with "that worn-out party cry, anticlerical and atheistic democracy."

'Among the early achievements of the Fascist Government were the reintroduction of the crucifix into schools and the cancellation of the law prohibiting bearer bonds—a law which, had it ever been effectually put into execution, would have hit the Church properties very hard, as ecclesiastical investments would then have had to be registered in the name of some individual, on whose death succession duties would have been exacted. A letter addressed by an Italian Clericalist to a French Catholic organization, and published recently in the *Écho de Paris*, is full of flattery for the Italian Dictator, who is described as "a Grace of God," the pious and confident hope being simultaneously expressed that the "abominable absurdity" of universal suffrage, "a practice equivalent to the deliverance of Barabbas and the condemnation of Christ," will shortly cease to poison the life of Italy.

'The crusade against the Masons is, then, in the first place a measure intended to please the Clericalists, and to deprive the Popular Party of the monopoly of ecclesiastical favor which they have hitherto endeavored to maintain. But another thought also has impelled Signor Mussolini to take this

step. Like France in the Ruhr, the Fascist leader is persuaded of the necessity of a united command. The Italian Freemasons, famous for the part they played in the Risorgimento, were conspicuously active in drawing Italy into the European War. They have in the past largely exploited the glory-loving expansionist spirit of which Fascism seeks to become the sole manifestation. They constitute the same kind of challenge to Fascism as did D'Annunzio's legionaries until, a short time ago, firm steps were taken to curtail the activities of those unwelcome rivals. Perhaps the desire to reduce the Italian State to a "new and original form corresponding to the spiritual character of the Italian people" was a more impelling motive than consideration for the Vatican in the anti-Masonic campaign.'

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THÉOPHILE DELCASSÉ

At a time when the Franco-British Entente seems almost dangerously strained, on account of France's apparent neglect both of her ally's opinions and of the machinery of the League of Nations, it is interesting to find the British press rivaling that of France in its praise of the statesman, lately deceased, who was, more than any other Frenchman, responsible for the Entente's creation. The *Times* paid him a generous tribute on February 23:—

'The news of the death of M. Delcassé at Nice comes as a stirring reminder of the tense national rivalries and the great movements of policy that preceded the war. His name is identified with the Entente, that final settlement of questions in dispute between France and Great Britain which he and Lord Lansdowne signed in 1904. But the Entente—deep though its significance was and is—was only a part of the great work that Delcassé accom-

plished in strengthening France and assuring her position in Europe. He came into office at a time when the Third Republic was securely established at home, but had not yet succeeded in determining the direction and method of her foreign policy. It fell to him, first of all, as Deputy and as Minister for the Colonies, to wrestle with a confused mass of Colonial problems which had grown up almost accidentally, as it were, and were full of the possibilities of international friction.

'The Fashoda incident gave him an opportunity for bringing order into this dangerous chaos, and the work thus begun led him on to those larger achievements in policy that marked his seven years' term of office as Minister of Foreign Affairs. He possessed in a remarkable degree the faculty of distinguishing the essential from the ephemeral in the interests of his country. He thought on big lines, and, foreseeing the possibilities of French expansion in Northern Africa, he secured them by establishing friendship with England at the cost of some sacrifice in Egypt. The position of France in the Mediterranean was a matter of great concern to him; he fortified it by an arrangement with Italy that largely neutralized the significance of that country's membership in the Triple Alliance, and at the same time, by negotiations with Great Britain and Spain, secured freedom of action for France in Morocco.

'Little by little a far-reaching purpose appeared in his incessant labor on the details of foreign policy. His aim was to make France secure, to deliver her from a fretful and anxious isolation, and to give her confidence in face of the clamor of a restless and exuberant Germany. Not the least part of his work was the strengthening of the alliance with Russia. He saw very far in foreign policy, and he saw French policy as a

whole. Few of his associates had his strength and his vision, and when, during the Morocco negotiations, in 1905, the German Government directly challenged him by blusteringly asserting its claim to participate, Rouvier, the Prime Minister, nervously yielded, and Delcassé resigned.

'But his policy remained; it was through his policy that France was enabled to stand firm against the storm that broke upon her in 1914, and to win through to victory. That little man, restrained in speech, laborious and methodical, was one of the makers of modern France. For us his work was of historical importance. He brushed aside the suspicions and misunderstandings that so long had clouded intercourse between the two countries; he enabled us to understand and respect France and gradually to become so intimate with her that inevitably, when the shock came, we found ourselves fighting at her side.

'Delcassé was a man of vision and system and remarkable personal integrity. Many aspects of his work may be variously judged as history unfolds her secret purpose; but France and England cannot but think with gratitude of this great statesman, who has now gone to his rest.'



MINOR NOTES

IN view of the efforts of the American S.P.C.A., the Humane Society, and others to bring about more humane methods of slaughtering food animals within the year, it is interesting to note that similar organizations in England are engaged in an almost identical campaign. An attempt is being made to introduce a humane bullet-killer, already in use in Sweden, Germany, Switzerland, and in some English towns.

The weapon looks like a telephone receiver. The wide muzzle is placed against the victim's head, the safety catch is removed, and the shot fired by striking the rear of the killer. The bullets can be varied so as to give the right power against any animal from a cat to a bull. The Animal Defense Society — which has, of course, no business connections with the makers of this or of any other instrument — is agitating for a law reform to render all other methods of slaughter illegal.

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is enlisted in the cause of the killer, and a number of members of Parliament and distinguished literary men have also given their support. So far, however, the religious objections of the Jewish faith have not been overcome. The Animal Defense Society regards the methods of killing which observance of the Jewish faith renders necessary as indefensible on humane grounds.

The justice of this cause is, perhaps, summed up most eloquently by Mr. Maurice Hewlett when he says: 'It is bad enough to be a parasite in common with tigers, dogs, wasps, spiders, crabs, and sharks, depending upon death and destruction for our lives. The very least we can do is to reduce the suffering involved to its lowest.'

BRIDGE has made its official appearance in the realm of *la haute politique*. The *Saturday Review*, of February 24, remarks: —

We agree, therefore, with the *Times*, that the state of Europe, in view of the new turn given to our relations with France, calls for a meeting of all the chief representatives of the British Empire in London at the earliest possible date, so that the moral force of the whole Commonwealth may be mustered behind us in a common foreign policy. We have arrived at a point, in our partnership with France, at which, if we may use a figure of speech from the game of bridge, our hands do not 'fit.' An appeal to the League of Nations would only have been a 'take-out from weakness'; one to the League of the Empire will be a 'take-out from strength.'

A BATTLE FOR THE REPUBLIC

BY ROBERT BREUER

From *Die Glocke*, February 5
(SOCIALIST CHAUVINIST WEEKLY)

'In the Ruhr the fight is only for democracy and for the sovereignty of the German Republic.'

— HEINRICH LÖFFLER

WHEN the Imperial Minister of the Treasury brought his speech on the budget to a close he received the approval of the large majority of the deputies; but there was no applause from the German-Nationalists who, up to this time, had praised the apologists for the Cuno Government. Hermes, who represented the Right in the Wirth Cabinet, was frank and clever enough to declare the policy of the new Government, or the Ruhr Conflict Government, a programme of completion, and the logical continuation of that of Wirth.

It is to be hoped — indeed, it may be regarded as certain — that this frankness was intentional. It was a clever ruse, the object of which was to isolate once again the ambitious and alliance-seeking Nationalists, and to split them off from the bourgeois bloc, thus diminishing the danger from this latter element.

The Nationalist press reacted at once. The *Deutsche Tageszeitung* spoke of unimportant inconsistencies, like the commendation of the previous programme. The *Kreuzzeitung*, ruffled by a ministerial announcement based on the explanations of Minister Hermes, had, the day before, used very strong language in attacking the idea of a willingness to negotiate: 'What good will it do for Germany to talk of negotiations? . . . Action alone is the duty of the moment. . . . Success is possible . . .

but the very last hour has struck in which the fate of the World War can be averted!'

The Nationalists do not care to be eliminated; they wish to be in the game, in fact to be leaders in the Ruhr battle. Their tactics are clear: if the object of the French attack is defeated, the Nationalists, as those who shouted loudest in the battle, will be credited with the victory, and a breach is made for the monarchy. If the battle goes against Germany, then you have another dagger-thrust legend ready to hand.

The Nationalist press makes its programme clear enough: to exploit foreign policies to the advantage of its own domestic schemes. The *Kreuzzeitung* writes: 'We lost the war because we weakened. . . . We shall lose this fight also if we stand aside supinely and watch the disintegration of our power of resistance.' The *Deutsche Tageszeitung* speaks of 'the mighty national flood that, breaking elementally from the heart of the people, rushes to-day over the German land, sweeping along in its tide groups of our countrymen who have hitherto held themselves apart from such movements.' In another place it speaks of the 'feeble elements for whose fall French propaganda is once more digging a pit.' The *Kreuzzeitung* says: 'National politics and class jealousies have eliminated themselves. The workman — one sees that clearly — is now absolutely national in character. The thing to do now is to make an end of the class hatred which

the leaders are preaching.' And in another place, in its edition of January 27: 'It is no accident that the greatness of the German Empire has gone down with the monarchy.'

It cannot be stated too emphatically that the opinion of the German-Nationalists — that is, of the Monarchists — is of absolutely no significance whatever in this battle for the Republic. Indeed, it is a matter of no importance at all whether they take part in it or not.

What would the Ruhr conflict lose in its probability of success if the gentlemen gathered around Helfferich should refrain from participation? The answer is easy, bitterly so — success would be more probable, and for the following reason: that every manifestation of the Nationalists has a prejudicial effect upon the great body of workingmen, that is to say, the backbone and the head of our resistance to the enemy. Helfferich and Hergt can be of no possible assistance in this contingency. Neither in London nor in Washington will their voices be considered as worth listening to. On the contrary, the efforts of these guardians of the crown are very apt to cause the heroes whose immediate task it is to fight the Ruhr battle only opposition and paralysis.

The fight for the Ruhr district is becoming every day more and more a fight of the miners and railway laborers. Its only objects are the freedom of the German Republic, the democratization of German life, and the security of labor.

That the atmosphere which sweeps over the Ruhr from the German hinterland has its effect is self-evident. And it is just as self-evident that this atmosphere must be the more helpful in proportion as it is free from the seeds of monarchy, revenge, and utopianism. It is, of course, a matter of satisfaction

that Herr Helfferich is willing, at least for the moment, to forgo his opposition to the Republic; but in the first place, he is not doing this, and secondly, he arrives too late in any case. He and his colleagues are fruits of which the proletariat will not and cannot eat. The other bourgeois parties should withdraw from the infected circle as soon as possible, and, according to circumstances, ally themselves more closely with the workingman. Hermes's efforts must be continued.

The Ruhr conflict will be decided by the working classes, morally as well as technically. Poincaré can, to be sure, use his rights in the Ruhr; but he cannot obtain coal without the aid of the local miners. But, again, the local miners are not to be coerced, nor can they be replaced. It would be futile to order either French miners or Chinese or Anamese coolies into the Ruhr shafts, because the machinery of the mines is far too complicated, mining is altogether too individualistic an industry, and the Ruhr district, notoriously liable to fire-damp, too dangerous a region for experiments. In any case, any such change in the personnel of the pitmen would take years to carry through. This is the opinion of experts and of the foremen.

It follows that sooner or later Poincaré will seek to negotiate. And it is the right of the workmen, who will have forced this necessity, to demand that Germany shall also be ready to negotiate. Here again the policy of the Ruhr campaign will be dictated solely by those who are the chief actors in it, namely the workmen.

There remains one possibility to consider. What would happen if the Premier of glorious France attempted to bring the working classes of the Ruhr to their knees by starvation? Up till now he has repudiated any such idea;

but how shall a man be trusted who has proclaimed the legality of the march into the Ruhr? If it came to that sinister pass, and a million proletarians were starved to death, would then the proletarian Internationale shift from pronunciamientos to deeds? Would then the League of Nations make its first serious attempt to justify its existence? Would England and the United States, nations that are still boasting of their battles for the abolition of slavery, finally stay the hand of frenzied France? Who shall say?

One thing, however, can be asserted to-day: if Monsieur Poincaré should attempt to starve out the real heroes of the Ruhr conflict, — namely, the workmen, — he would have no cause to complain if black giants swarmed from the pits and throttled their persecutors, and if France from that moment should stand revealed to all the world as a shameless example of political vampirism.

The Communists, whose confusion

has now reached its height, are doing their best to prejudice the working classes against the idea of an understanding, and particularly if this understanding should be brought about less by the Governmental agency than by the two embattled capitalist groups — that of the German coal district and that of the German iron region. *Vorwärts* very rightly says, however, that an understanding of this kind is not only likely but certain. When the pourparlers of the iron and the coal capitalists begin to appear, it will be indispensable to prevent the entire German proletariat from shouting: 'Treason!' The Internationale of capitalism will be able to secure acceptable terms for Germany only if the patriotic bloc of Ruhr workmen lends its fundamental aid. But this powerful mass of proletarian energy must not imitate the burlesque Muscovite Nationalism in placing impediments in the way of the inevitable development of international capitalism.

SPURIOUS HEROES

BY JANUS

From *Die Wage*, February 3
(VIENNA LIBERAL BIWEEKLY)

It is impossible to discuss the Ruhr controversy in the German language so long as foreign troops ignore the weakly safeguarded Treaty conditions and establish themselves on German soil as a belligerent enemy, and so long as military psychology repeats the process of regarding a treaty as a scrap of paper. Poincaré plays good German politics when he establishes peace and harmony

at home. But we must have learned at least some small lesson from the days of August, 1914, and to discover the exact nature of this lesson is an absolute necessity at the present time, if the German nation is to be saved from the grip of French militarism.

The sacred rights of the German nation need advocates who can be taken seriously and whose words command

respect and authority. They must be persons whose past is free from blame and of whom we cannot believe that they could act as the Comité des Forges would have if the fortune of war had been favorable to Germany. Days like the second of August must not return, when every whippersnapper of a lieutenant, every swaggering bully, was a popular hero; when all who denied the rights of the people were hard at work forging the ring of Germanophobia; and when we saw that the men who reaped profit and glory from the first military successes were the very ones who, in the end, lost the war. In these days of changed conditions the heroes of the day are no longer the Moltkes, Falkenhayns, and Klucks, but the Thyssens and Kirdorfs.

The heroism of Thyssen, by means of which the German industrial bloc is now endeavoring to weave itself into the favor of His Majesty Democracy, does not appear, upon nearer examination, to be very great. A Thyssen would never have been executed by court-martial. Hundreds of international interrelations that shoot their rays in all directions, even across the frontiers of our enemies, would have looked out for that. Fritz Thyssen, ever an excellent calculator, was well aware that he risked very little, however crazily and unpsychologically Poincaré might treat the case. For, after all, Thyssen is a civilian and not a soldier, and would never have volunteered to metamorphose a German industrial baron into a martyr whose death or long imprisonment would have ruined the cause of France in the eyes of the world.

But even if one is disposed to find a modicum of heroism in Thyssen's opposition to a foreign general surrounded with all military circumstance, and to forget the rôle that his firm played on a former occasion when it was quite

willing to be crowned with laurels, one certainly cannot adopt this attitude toward the other profiteers of the 'popularity trust.' We have, for example, Privy-Councillor Kirdorf, who sends out in the name of the German people dispatches that William himself in his palmiest days could not have improved upon, and who transmits a message of thanks to the Austrian people, through the medium of the *Neue Freie Presse*, for their Nibelungen-like loyalty. Councillor Kirdorf is an old offender, and not alone in the field of industry. His sins are by no means of ancient date, and he is responsible for so much of the present misery of the German people and for the coalition of States against Germany, even up to the seizure of the Ruhr, that it is an open scandal to allow his name and opinion to be used in defense of the German cause.

The disastrous statement of the ninety-three leaders of German culture, in its precipitated untimeliness, dealt a severe enough blow to Germany's moral prestige. But what does the mawkish pathos of a Sudermann that overflows it amount to, compared with the calculated cupidity manifested in one of the most calamitous documents of the war, openly and shamelessly made public on April 20, 1915? On this date a group of some six hundred to seven hundred persons, including manufacturers, merchants, generals, admirals, officials, and professors, addressed a petition to the German Chancellor in which they laid down the war aims of Germany.

They demanded a portion of the north coast of France lying opposite England, both for strategic reasons and to secure a better outlet to the sea. French territory from the channel to Belfort was to be annexed to Germany. Belgium was to come under German sovereignty politically, militarily, and economically. This document was an

example of the most unbridled militarism, and it attempted to dictate to the German Government how the terms that seemed possible at that time should be construed.

Among the signatures to this manifesto is that of Privy-Councillor Kirdorf. And this man who, as long as he regarded the German armies as victorious, was eager to apply the principle of imperialism to the very limit, who was ready to move about whole districts, and even nationalities, like figures on a chessboard, merely to obtain better terms for the German manufacturers — this man to-day, at the moment when the enemy's myrmidons regard everything as permitted by the law of might, has the effrontery to face them on the ground of principle! It is like stabbing German rights in the back. It might have been possible so to misread and misinterpret the scroll of history at a time when the Provost-Marshal stood watch over propaganda in order to stifle every idea that did not jibe with the official tradition; but at a time when militarism has ceased to invade all phases of life — and the time is not even yet — it is difficult not to be nauseated at the impudence and clumsiness of such an attitude.

If the wrong that Poincaré and his generals are now committing is to be only a cheap means of enticing from their caves — not badly furnished caves, by the way — all the shadows of the past; if, together with the atmosphere of war that Poincaré is reintroducing to the world, the old war-psychology is to return, which acclaims as heroes the wholesale murderers of the General Staffs, while tossing a perfunctory word of condescension to the nameless masses of unsung victims; if

such men as Kirdorf are to be reckoned among the elect, then verily is the way not long to the apotheosis of the deeds of William II and his paladins.

Perhaps there are those who recognize these difficulties and try to avoid them. Perhaps there are those who seek, in their new-fledged popularity, an amnesty for former sins, so that later on they may parade before their triumphal chariots, though all glorified and transfigured, the misery they have caused, the self-seeking that fills their hearts, and the rank speculation that, even in the development of their pretended patriotism, they never forget.

But the crime of the German industrialists, always in process of committing, — to-day as well as yesterday, — is not a case of mere tax-fraud, which can be made good later by the bare payment of a surtax. It is the barrier that is keeping the German and the French peoples from coming together. It is the source from which Germany's present distress and Europe's agony take their sustenance. For this reason we must do away without any delay with this extraordinary species of hero-worship that has again made its appearance among us, exactly as in 1914.

Only those possess the right to protest against French imperialism who were opposed to German imperialism and are still opposed to it. French imperialism can be combated only by a large view of things, and not by mere change in coalitions of parties. Imperialism remains imperialism, whether the blue-white-red or the black-white-red banner leads it on.

Those who have failed to understand this, and those who in their hearts do not wish to understand it, should keep silence.

WANTED—A FOREIGN POLICY

BY J. L. GARVIN

From the *Observer*, February 18
(MIDDLE-GROUND LIBERAL SUNDAY PAPER)

WE have not hitherto blamed Ministers for their passive attitude in face of the deepening tragedy and disaster in the Ruhr. That attitude is variously described by its friends as one of sombre acquiescence or of benevolent disapproval. It is denounced by its opponents partly as a no-policy of ignominious impotence, partly as a policy, both weak and bad, of holding a candle to the Devil.

We take no interest in any of these descriptions applied to the situation as it stood up to now. Through six of the most sinister weeks in the modern history of Europe, the attitude of a Cabinet well known not to be wholly agreed within itself, has not been unjustified. It was necessary amid grave uncertainties to see how events would actually develop both in the Ruhr and at Lausanne. We have waited, and now we know.

In the manner predicted by every thoughtful witness and always expected by this journal, things in the Ruhr have plunged from worse to worse. On the present lines of procedure, to which France under M. Poincaré declares that she is irrevocably committed whatever the cost, there can be no exit from a stupendous blunder leading by violent spasms to a crime which would be utterly fatal to every hope of European peace and economic recovery.

France proclaimed a double-barreled programme of Reparations and Security. If one barrel did not force payment, she would disable her antagonist

with the other, and shoot to cripple or kill. The first shot, as every cool mind foresaw, literally missed 'the mark.' The second is meant to achieve its sterner object. The hope of obtaining Reparations by this method has finally disappeared in smoke. All that remains now in the Ruhr is the deliberate and terrible policy of the dismemberment of Germany.

The most moderate of French publicists now announce it. Every preparation has been made for it. There must no longer be any illusions among us on that head. It is the logical sequence predestined from the outset of this appalling business. Bismarck's seizure of Alsace-Lorraine was mild, limited, and wise, compared with this vast plan for the partition of Germany by cutting off both the Rhineland and the Ruhr. It is like cutting out of the geographical body of England the valley of the Thames, or taking away from the United States the valley of the Mississippi. Amid all the vague confused babble for and against, we must grasp a closer sense of these gigantic realities.

As the situation has definitely changed in this manner, British policy must change with it. It is no longer enough to say in the name of Britain that this is a procedure in which we can neither participate nor concur. It is a procedure from which this country must be wholly and emphatically dissociated. We can have neither lot nor part in it. We cannot have the faintest shadow of connection with it. We must stand

gravely and widely aloof from it until the gradual consolidation of civilized opinion against it brings it to an end.

The British Cabinet is now unmistakably faced by this alternative. It must either be dragged into complicity, open or covert, or it must free its hands altogether in the manner least irritating to France and most likely to promote future efforts of conciliation and compromise. No middle way between these alternatives can be found while M. Poincaré remains in power.

It is time for British Ministers to understand that when you are being dragged behind chariot wheels and wild horses it is no use trying to dig your heels into the sand. The position of the British Government has been no better than that. If continued, it would be a policy unworthy of the size and far-reaching gravity of the question; unworthy of this country and the Empire; and impossible to reconcile with the vital interests of our people and their employment. The merely helpless attitude corresponds neither to the spirit, the power, the rights, the duties of this country — neither to its war-titles, nor to its peace-necessities.

It has become a policy impossible to continue without ruining the position of the Conservative Government itself — representing, it must always be remembered, only a minority of the electorate — and bringing about extensive political changes at home far sooner than is desirable. We will crystallize these considerations in two sentences. Within a short period there must either be mediation or there will be an end of the Entente with the present Government or without it. It is the duty of Ministers quietly and even solemnly to put this coming unavoidable issue before France, in a manner securing time for full considera-

tion on both sides. For that unquestionably has become the issue.

There is no hope in trying to burke the issue. We must either have absolutely equal voice and authority with France under the Entente in all matters concerning European peace and commercial recovery, or the Entente must come entirely to an end, and our hands with regard to the whole Versailles system of treaties must be as free as those of the United States.

The immediate matter of decision — though all the rest must follow from it — arises upon the question of Cologne and the British area of occupation. This is the urgent question compelling some change of policy one way or the other. 'Thus far' has unfortunately reached, on the initiative of the French themselves, the point of 'no further.' The delegation headed by M. Trocquer and General Payot has formally requested us in the name of the French Government to place the railway facilities of the Cologne area at French disposal for the purposes of the Ruhr policy.

Consent to this request would mean complicity with what we disapprove. It would mean surrender to what we refused to accept when our own proposals were turned down at the Paris Conference without even the show of reasonable discussion. Consent would bring about the most subservient and ignominious position to which British policy has ever submitted. It would be fatal to the Government far sooner than some Ministers suppose. It would destroy Conservative prospects at the polls for many a year. It would make the political fortunes of Labor in the first rank and of Liberalism in the next.

It has been suggested that if we cannot hand over all the railway facilities in the Cologne area to the French for the purposes of the Ruhr

policy, we could at least concede in the same interests a corner of the zone. This smaller detail offers no escape. It would equally involve the principle of complicity. By Labor and reunited Liberalism alike, the Government would be charged with holding a candle to the Devil. Ministers would fall into the most contemptible of all plights in the eyes of democracy if they attempted to argue that they had only held a very little candle to the Devil.

The conclusion is plain. Either British occupation of the Cologne area must remain intact and unstultified, immune from French intervention in any shape or form; or we must withdraw our troops as completely as America and resume equally free hands for all purposes connected with the Versailles system of Treaties. Forced withdrawal of that kind under French pressure would necessarily mean the end of the Entente as hitherto existing; though it would by no means preclude the negotiation of a new Entente as soon as France, under another Government, was prepared to revise her policy and to accept impartial mediation.

The discussion has been transferred from London to Paris in circumstances likely to induce the French Government to make a serious review of the whole position. They realize that the question involved is far wider and graver than they had supposed.

We have little hope that M. Poincaré will swerve by a hair's-breadth from the policy which now contemplates, and for the moment has actually effected, the dismemberment and partition of Germany.

British Ministers might be weak on that point. If they were, they would make one of the mistakes of their lives. France would not be contented. No fundamental difficulty would be removed. Further friction would be

inevitable. If we conceded the inch, the Paris press would soon clamor for the ell. We would only encourage the Chauvinists, prolong the agony, and postpone the settlement.

Unless the Government is prepared for graver representations than have yet been made — for a last attempt to induce the French Ministry to see reason — the time has come for the total withdrawal of our troops from the Rhine and for the end of the Entente in consequence.

No newspaper could write this opinion with more reluctance and regret. We have placed a high interpretation upon our position on the Rhine. We are there by war-titles equal to any that the French can claim. We have been there in a different spirit. We have endeavored to conduct our occupation in a temper leading to the reconciliation of Europe and the saving of peace.

The Germans themselves passionately wish us to stay. If we withdraw they will be subject to the harshness of an iron-heeled régime. If we go they will appreciate our methods even more than they do now. If we remained, and at the same time firmly insisted that our zone must be absolutely exempt from any kind of interference, we would be asserting our just right.

There is at least one consideration of more substantial importance. The British occupation of the Cologne area is a standing obstacle to the plans for dismembering and partitioning Germany by declaring the Rhineland and the Ruhr a separate Republic.

Those were the weighty reasons for remaining. No one could have felt and urged their force more than we have done. They are overborne by the new reasons for withdrawal. It is now certain that remaining would mean the maximum of friction between Britain and France without service to Ger-

many, and that withdrawal, even though it involved the end of the existing Entente, would be in reality the best way of promoting a sane settlement with Germany as well as a new and genuine Entente with France instead of the present false and mischievous connection. The formal attempt to keep up mere appearances only envenoms and poisons the actual relations of the two countries.

After the French request last week for full railway facilities in the British area, it is naïve to think that things can remain the same whether we grant it or refuse. Any competent student of the Paris press as a whole can see what is afoot. The deeper becomes the trouble in the Ruhr, the more formidable the task, the more sedulously the vast majority of French politicians and publicists prepare to cover themselves in all contingencies by blaming this country.

If we remain on the Rhine and meekly concede all French desires, we shall get our fingers between the blades of the scissors, according to the familiar Coalition method. German hatred will be concentrated on us even more than on the French. If we concede only part of M. Poincaré's wishes we shall get neither respect nor thanks from the French, and they will press for the rest. If we maintain our occupation exempt from interference, the whole weight of French reproach will fall on us; we shall be fallaciously, but none the less vehemently, accused of thwarting by our passive obstruction the full action that would have made the Ruhr policy successful. If we withdraw altogether the French will gain their material ends of the moment, but we shall none the less be accused of giving moral encouragement to the Germans.

Amid these unpleasant contingencies the dominant principle which ought to

decide our action is plain. Continued occupation of the Cologne area on any terms compatible with our self-respect in the world's eyes and the vital interests of our own people, means the maximum of friction and bitterness between Britain and France, while prolonging the futile agony of the Ruhr and the desperate ordeal of Germany as a whole.

The decisive time has come to withdraw from the Rhine, like America, and formally to end the Entente, unless France can be brought to such a compromise with British views and interests as was refused at the Paris Conference. Britain and the British Empire cannot be ciphers in these matters. The Cabinet can no longer stand in a public position of anxious impotence such as British Ministers never before consented to occupy.

Either we must have equality under the Entente — with substantial consideration for our own essential interests and for our deliberate views — or we must have freedom, like America. France can have it either way, but she cannot have it both ways. This position Mr. Bonar Law's Government must assert, or its own political position must become at no distant date untenable.

Needless to say, we write under the most thoughtful sense of responsibility, and would look to the Government for a careful and firm procedure such as the whole world would approve when all the negotiations could be revealed. The French Government ought to be informed that the present position is impossible.

The Conservative Cabinet represents only a minority of the electorate. Approval of the Ruhr policy — though we recognize it to be strong and honest on the part of a limited section of opinion — is confined to a minority of Conservatism. Any British Govern-

ment, on the other hand, must recognize that foreign policy, unlike domestic, can only be soundly based upon the support of a large majority of the whole people. The vast majority of the British people is fundamentally opposed to the military conquest of the Ruhr and to the partition of Germany. The present Government must effectively interpret that view or give place to another Government more firmly representing that view.

Mediation through an impartial international tribunal, including a representative of the United States, ought to be earnestly urged on France. The alternative should be considerably but plainly presented. If France cannot see her way to revise her separate policy — which is in itself a breach of both the Treaty of Versailles and the Entente — France ought to be notified, with grave and regretful courtesy, that the British troops must be withdrawn from the Rhine by a given date; that at the same moment the Entente must come to an end; and that this will mean washing our hands of responsibility for any part of the Versailles system.

Let us repeat it. We must either have under the Entente an equal voice in all matters concerning European

peace and economic recovery or we must have our full freedom. The dismemberment and partition of Germany we cannot countenance, and in the end must oppose. Reasonable Reparations as estimated by any impartial tribunal we are prepared to enforce. If France will listen to reason we are equally prepared to guarantee the security of her frontier, including Alsace-Lorraine.

Sane statesmanship in Paris ought to think twice and thrice before it rejects suggestions like these.

Politically, the Ruhr policy is as indefensible and suicidal as Napoleon's trampling of Germany. Economically the Ruhr policy and all it implies is more injurious to British trade and employment than Napoleon's continental system. Conservatives who support the Ruhr policy are working, whether they know it or not, for the electoral triumph of the Labor Party at home and for the ultimate advance of Russian Bolshevism toward the Rhine in alliance with the desperate mass of the whole German people. The British Government must raise on these lines the question of a new Entente or none. That is the question of To-be or Not-to-be for itself.

FRANCE'S SEA-GATE TO MOROCCO

BY ANTONIO GALLARZA

From *El Sol*, January 26
(MADRID INDEPENDENT LIBERAL DAILY)

A TRAVELER has the choice of three routes to Casablanca: by the highway from Tangier in a comfortable automobile, where he will have an opportunity to compare the condition of the highways in French and in Spanish Morocco, considerably to the disadvantage of the latter; by sea, from either Tangier or Gibraltar; or by airplane along the regular routes from Barcelona, Alicante, or Malaga.

Our imaginary traveler may visit Casablanca from several motives: for instance, to collect a bill; or to see a Moorish town without incurring serious personal danger. The latter is likely to be an important qualification in a Spaniard's mind, for most of our people conceive Morocco as a country inhabited by horrible Moorish savages, who kill Christians as the surest way to Paradise.

Being a man of cautious and conservative temperament, I did not venture the air route or the trip by automobile, but elected to go by the regular English steamer from Gibraltar, which stops for several hours at Tangier. The sea was so rough that I decided not to land at the latter port, contenting myself with viewing the white dream-city with its spindle-like minarets from a by no means stable deck. Several boatloads of Moors put off from the wharves, suggesting to a timid mind the fleets of corsairs that for centuries attacked Christian galleys in these waters. But these were peaceful porters and merchants, who offered their services and wares in a patois half Spanish and half Arab. Some speedily spread out on

deck a bizarre collection of native specialties: curved daggers, tiny rugs, little inlaid tables, spurs, and leather work.

Once convinced that these Moors were an inoffensive, harmless people, I bought some curios from them for my wife, naturally paying double their real value — as I discovered later. But I improved the occasion to enter into conversation with one of the vendors, whose replies persuaded me that his heart was swelling almost to the bursting point with tender love of Spain. He expressed it somewhat like this: *Isbaniol miziano, duro isbaniol miziano; Francés no tener plata, tener papel, no más, por Dios* — which meant that the Spaniards have real money; the French do not have real money, but only little scraps of paper, of which he has had enough already.

I went to sleep that night lulled by the rhythm of the engine and the gentle rocking of the waves, and dreaming of Casablanca as I pictured it in my imagination: white houses clustering on a precipitous declivity; streets filled with Moors wearing coats of many colors; now and then a veiled female figure revealing only her great black eyes. . . .

Dawn was breaking. The Atlantic was covered with rosy sails; leaping porpoises followed the steamer like huge steel shuttles skipping just beneath or above the surface of the sea. I hastened up to the bridge to get a first view of the city of my dreams. But I had some time to wait before our steamer, after coasting along a white thread of beach, suddenly turned hard aport and headed for the shore. There

lay Casablanca spread out along the coast and far inland.

However, what first greeted my eyes was not a minaret but factory chimneys, great blocks of buildings, staring signs painted in enormous letters, here and there a broad straight avenue leading toward the interior — in a word, a modern city. The only thing lacking was the masses of verdure that usually embower our European towns.

A long breakwater still under construction reached far into the sea. Behind it, some twenty steamers and sailing vessels lay at anchor. At the end of the breakwater — *la grande jetée* — a titanic crane was depositing huge cement blocks in the sea. Farther on, another breakwater was likewise steadily advancing from the shore. I heard a shrill whistle and a diminutive locomotive appeared, drawing a long line of cars. Motor launches chugged here and there; tugs were slowly manœuvring great barges near the wharf.

I had no sooner landed than I was vaccinated, for I had neglected to bring a vaccination certificate with me. An automobile bore me down the boulevard of Cuarto de Zuavos, a broad avenue bordered by Lilliputian palms, completed as if by magic a few months ago on the occasion of President Millerand's visit. On the left were great business structures, mostly banks; on the right was the silk bazaar, its white arcades thronged with busy people. Next came the Place de France, a great rectangle bordered on one side by what is left of the old city wall; opposite to this stood an ugly clock tower, and more big business buildings — the National Bank, Hotel Excelsior, and several crowded cafés. On the southern side of the square were modern shops with plate-glass windows, with smiling manikins displaying the latest Paris fashions.

The warm sun tempered the cool

ocean breezes. I might have been at Barcelona, Genoa, or Naples. Only here there were no rattling tramways, and there were odd-looking Moors and Jews in native costumes — though less numerous than the people in European garb promenading or talking business in front of the cafés.

Fine, broad avenues radiate from the Place de France. The public buildings, many of them in a neo-Moroccan style, are large and imposing. As I leave the centre of the city, however, I discover broad, unbuilt spaces, broken here and there by a recently completed structure. The effect is that of a new town still unfinished.

Mediuna Street is the centre of the Jewish business-quarter. Here the shops are so congested with merchandise that it overflows on to the dusty sidewalk. Dejected Jew vendors have set up their benches against the walls, where they peddle job lots of bankrupt goods, cheap trifles, and highly colored sweets, over which dense clouds of flies are buzzing. Metal plates on the house doors bear the names of Jewish firms known throughout Morocco — names that one meets in Odessa and Saloniki as frequently as here. This street is always thronged with Jews and natives, and is bordered by native buildings, interrupted here and there by a modern European structure. One gets glimpses into courtyards alive with a humming crowd of human beings, animals, color, movement, and filth.

I see many evidences of the immigration from France to the commercial capital of Morocco — schools, barracks, hospitals, and newly laid-out parks, where a hopeful effort is being made to provide the town with a little shade and verdure.

Returning by the same route, I admire the little villas and gardens on either hand. Immense rose-colored geraniums nod under their coats of

dust behind latticed openings. At the right is the Bull Ring, which, with the Race Course and the Aviation Field above, is a conspicuous feature in that direction. Beyond come more villas.

Continuing on my way, I penetrate the narrow lanes of the old town. Once past the street named after Major Provost, I find myself in the tortuous byways of the Moorish quarter, where native merchants sit in their tiny shops, half submerged by their stocks of silks, cottons, scarfs, kerchiefs, hammered copper, and trinkets. Turning a corner, I come unexpectedly upon a lofty wall and the minaret of a mosque, just as the muezzin is calling for evening prayer. His voice is drowned at times by the honking of automobiles. It is growing dusk, and the narrow streets darken rapidly.

Returning to the hotel, I dine as well as in any good restaurant at Paris. A dusty bottle of Burgundy reposes in

its basket bed, as if to conserve its fiery soul. I see ladies in evening dress, pearls, and jewels, and gentlemen in smoking-jackets.

Excited by the new experiences of the day, I am not yet ready to retire. So I place myself in the hands of a cabby, who drives me to a fashionable dance-hall. Many of the couples whom I saw at the hotel have already arrived, and are dancing as if quite at home in this mixed company of shop girls, wealthy young bloods, Jews and Gentiles, and professional lady partners. A sunburned 'colonist' just in from his ranch, in khaki clothes and leggings, has parked his automobile below, and is pacing the floor, with one of the ladies, with more energy than grace.

In a corner of the room, a wealthy Moor in his white-hooded cloak is drinking from a teacup with the self-conscious air of an offender against the Prophet's law. It is not tea — it is whiskey.

THE PAN-AMERICAN IDEA

BY S. RANGEL DE CASTRO

[The author is a member of the Brazilian Delegation to the League of Nations, and holds the rank of Secretary of Embassy. Certain paragraphs of this article have been somewhat reduced.]

From *La Revue de l'Amérique Latine*, March 1
(PARIS AMERICAN-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

THE ideal of Pan-Americanism is already a century old. Scarcely had the people of South America won their liberty when Simon Bolivar had the vision of a vast confederation uniting in a kind of defensive league the Latin-American nations, and, extending this idea to all American countries, he summoned the Congress of Panama in 1826.

In the failure of that gathering, in which scarcely four states were represented, the great leader saw the end of his dream, but the attempt was not wholly in vain. In the meetings at Lima in 1847 and 1864, political agreements were made for the defense of the continent, and for peace within it. In 1878 another Conference of

Lima sought to adjust, in a large judicial spirit, several questions of private rights under international law by codifying its principles. In 1888 another congress, this time at Montevideo, reached an agreement on several points of international law relating to civil and commercial affairs. The difficulties over the Chincha Islands and then the war of the Pacific in 1879 rendered the decisions taken at Lima useless, and the nonratification by Brazil and Chile of the agreements reached at Montevideo deprived this congress of the success that it might otherwise have achieved. That, however, cannot obscure the fact that these two attempts at codifying international law were a promise of larger and more complete achievements to come.

The first International American Conference took place in Washington in 1889, through the efforts of James G. Blaine, then Secretary of State of the United States. Eighteen countries, practically all the Americas, were represented. Several problems touching the political and economic life of the continent were studied and discussed — among them compulsory arbitration, abandonment of the right of conquest, and means of stimulating commerce. The second International Conference met in 1902 in the City of Mexico, with nineteen states taking part, and from this grew several treaties and agreements regulating questions of international law, both public and private, such as compulsory arbitration, pecuniary questions, extradition, patents and trade marks. This Conference authorized the reorganization of the Pan-American Union at Washington, which had already been created, and recommended the construction of a Pan-American Railway and several measures designed to give an impetus to continental commerce.

The third Pan-American Confer-

ence, held at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, was of the greatest political significance and had a wide influence over the international life of the continent. Mr. Elihu Root, who was then Secretary of State of the United States, honored it with his presence, and the nineteen states represented unanimously recommended four agreements and adopted fourteen resolutions on several questions of international law and on economic and social problems of great interest for American internationalism. The fourth Conference, meeting at Buenos Aires in 1910 with twenty countries represented, was no less fruitful, carrying still further the labors that had been begun at earlier gatherings and coöperating for the common good and prosperity of America.

The fifth Pan-American Conference, which is to meet at Santiago de Chile, is to discuss two questions of the greatest international interest — the plan for a League of American Nations; fostered by the former President of Uruguay, Señor Brum; and the problem of disarmament which Chile will bring before the Conference. These subjects are so intimately linked as to be inseparable one from the other. There can be no general limitation of armaments without a pact among the nations which, by assuring the existence of each, shall prevent danger of aggression from without. These are the first steps toward the rational solution — indeed the only solution — of the problem of peace, as was shown at the last meeting of the League of Nations. The proposals of Uruguay support and amplify the Monroe Doctrine by a broad view of Pan-Americanism.

Based upon the principle of solidarity and of mutual respect among the American States, Uruguay proposes the formation of a league for the permanent defense of the interests of the continent, and for dealing with questions relating

to it. Before everything else, the League would proclaim as fundamental the principle of political and territorial inviolability of America, and would reach an agreement against aggression from without. All conflicts between its members would be solved by arbitration when mediation failed.

But, as President Brum says, the Pan-American policy ought to be continental merely, and would in no wise oppose an understanding with European peoples. We might have the most cordial political relations and the closest economic links with them so long as our national rights were respected.

The question of disarmament, which figures in the programme of the Santiago Conference, must certainly be discussed at the same time as the Brum proposal. Without guaranty against external aggression, no nation would dream of disarmament; and hence for the limitation of land, naval, and air armaments there must be a treaty of mutual guaranty.

The United States, whose political attitude toward the League of Nations is still an enigma, is nevertheless to take part in the Santiago Conference. Some of the economic and political questions that this Conference is to discuss will have a more than American interest. They will be followed all over

the world. Such, for example, is the problem of disarmament. The Latin-American nations which are already members of the League may bring that organization closer to the United States, may serve, as someone has said, as a link with it, or may, at least, seek similar solutions for international questions common to both continents by basing their activities on the general laws and plans already made at Geneva.

The League of Nations was authorized by the last Assembly, at Brazil's suggestion, to collaborate in the work at Santiago by placing its technical services at the disposal of the Conference. The value of this aid cannot be doubted. The League of Nations is admirably organized for international activities, and some of its technical organizations are veritable models. The Pan-American Union, whose structure it has been proposed to modify at the Santiago Conference, might find the general outlines of its reconstruction at Geneva. It still lacks cohesion, harmony, and continuity in its special services, which require reorganization and amplification. The establishment of certain technical bureaus which might collaborate with the Bureau at Washington seems essential to ensure a complete realization of the Pan-American idea.

LATIN-AMERICAN UNION

BY ARTURO TORRES RÍOSECO

[The following liberal discussion of a problem that is stirring the minds of many of the younger writers and thinkers of the Western Hemisphere is by a Chilean contributor.]

From *Nuestra America*, November and December
(BUENOS AIRES POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW)

SEVERAL newspapers in Spain and in the United States have recently published articles giving a résumé of intellectual movements in the Western Hemisphere. I have already expressed my regret that our younger American writers have so long neglected their opportunity to create the community social and cultural consciousness that our young nations need even more urgently than they need railways and public works. Were we united and awake to our duties and our possibilities, we might be a power in establishing closer bonds between Spain and the New World.

Hitherto we have preached — with absurd and unworthy prolixity — hatred and distrust as the basis of a continental union. We have represented the North American peril as the real reason for rallying to a Latin-American banner, as if the broader community of nations were not one of the fairest ideals we cherish. We have said much and we have heard much on this theme.

Many will argue that our so-called intellectuals are the last people in the world to undertake such a task as I suggest. Admitted. But when we survey our business world, our industrial achievements, our political life, our commerce, we soon see that the field in which we relatively excel is after all the field of literature. Our writers have already demonstrated their ability to

create a meritorious art, a culture to be envied and admired in countries where so large a proportion of the population consists of still illiterate natives. Were they to direct their energies in a slightly different direction, they would be able to arouse likewise a continental consciousness, a sentiment that would make 'Our America,' which we love so loyally and so ardently, for all time indivisible, and for all time truly Spanish.

The people of North America, who are a highly educated nation, bow to the propaganda of the press, the university, and the church, and accept the 'big stick' leadership of men like Theodore Roosevelt, who have done incomparably more to strengthen national unity and a common national sentiment among them than our professional Spanish Americans have among our Latin brethren.

Do not misunderstand me. True Americans are not men who earn their bread by this particular propaganda. Such men are whited sepulchres, preaching the abstract union of our race and simultaneously defeating that union by denouncing certain countries. We ought to understand that a person who attacks Porto Rico, the island that is as truly Spanish as it is truly unfortunate, attacks ourselves. Those who revile Venezuela, in her helplessness, revile themselves. They remind me of a certain father, who extolled the vir-

tues of his family, but never had a good word to say for his sons individually. One was 'a hard drinker,' another 'a liar,' and a third 'a thief.' That is like ourselves. Peruvians call Chile an imperialist country, without stopping to think that this is a common failing; and Chileans accuse the Peruvians of being degenerate, without studying their own frailties.

We are forming a society of Spanish-American intellectuals, but we exclude Haiti and Santo Domingo on the pretext that they are Negro nations; as if we thought — and could only think — with our skins! If we are Negro, let us proclaim the fact to the four heavens, and frankly defend it. As long as the Santo Domingoan mulatto hides his Negro blood, we cannot have American solidarity; and as long as the Argentino despises the Chilean, there can be no Latin-American brotherhood. Until we learn to know each other, we cannot have an intelligent idea of our common future. Dario, proud of his Nicaraguan blood, and freely declaring it, was the greatest poet of Latin America. On the other hand, those of our intellectuals who live in Paris and write in French are apostates, deserters from the true cause of Americanism, betrayers alike of our soul and of our idiom.

Our labors for Latin America should be performed silently and in humility of spirit. They should be affirmative and not propaganda of hatred, or sterile opposition to countries that have attained a mighty position in the world. Men who never tire of writing of the Yankee peril but aggravate that peril — quite as much, indeed, as do those other false Americans who solicit intervention from the North to promote their selfish political fortunes at home; or as do others, equally disloyal to our ideals, who resort to Yankee arbitration to settle our territorial rivalries.

We Chileans and Peruvians, with incomprehensible lack of judgment, have invited the President of the United States to settle our controversy over Tacna and Arica. Our statesmen have declared in the presence of European diplomats that North America must lead our nations into the paths of peace. Well and good. But if, at some future time, we find foreigners in possession of our customhouses, and alien troops occupying our fortresses, we have only ourselves to blame. We invoke Yankee aid in Peru, in Cuba, in Panama, and compensate ourselves with wordy proclamations and pamphlets — vain tokens of our own incapacity — accusing Yankee troops of unspeakable outrages in Santo Domingo.

Strong nations, like strong men, do not surrender their rights, nor do they bear hatred; but we, victims of our tragic provincialism, refuse to follow the example of highly developed peoples, shirk the burden of self-assertion, and resign ourselves to Latin-American mediævalism.

Spain, with centuries of glorious history behind her, devoured by her immortal idealism, may survive in lofty isolation; but we, with a mixed culture superimposed upon our Spanish foundations, must follow the footsteps of great industrial and commercial countries, even while we strive toward perfection in ideal things. That is a question of life and death for us. Our eagerness to imitate, to create, to perfect, springs ultimately from our revolt against a crying injustice, against the scarcely veiled contempt that the great nations of the world have shown us since their Mighty Slaughter — a contempt that burns us like a living coal. Nations like Argentina, Chile, and Uruguay are beginning to assert themselves, and should set an example to the other nations of America — an ex-

ample that should inspire Mexico, Bolivia, Venezuela; an example that we should preach with wingèd words, the words that beget great actions.

Let us organize a Latin-American consciousness. We shall find able coadjutors in Spain as well as at home. Costa Rica affords us an example of race fraternity with her *Repertorio Americano*. In Mexico that hard-headed enthusiast, José Vasconcelos, is sturdily fighting local chauvinism in the interests of Latin America as a whole. Eventually, other groups of duty-inspired workers will be formed.

We should have a Latin-American Society in every country of our Continent. When such organizations for preaching our objects and ideals have been set up everywhere, we shall begin to understand each other and to make progress toward future unity. Later will come the hour when we can enlarge the patriotism inculcated by our political constitutions, and make every Latin American a citizen of all Latin America; make it possible, for instance, for a man born in any portion of Our America to become president of any Latin-American country.

SEEING WITHOUT EYES

BY RENÉ MAUBLANC AND LOUIS FARIGOULE

[We reprint below two articles on the possible existence of vision without the use of the eye. Startling as this idea must at first appear, especially when its chief advocate is noted as a novelist, it seems to be fairly well grounded in experiment, and the editors of two leading French magazines have thought it worthy of extended discussion in their columns. Jules Romains is the pen name of Louis Farigoule, a French student of philosophy and natural science, whose book, *La vision extra-rétinienne et le sens paroptique*, first appeared in 1920. The first article is from the pen of M. René Maublanc, a professor of philosophy, and appears in *La Revue Bleue* for February 3, but was written in September 1921, before M. Farigoule's later experiments, by which M. Maublanc declares himself 'absolutely convinced.' The second article, from the discoverer's own pen, appears in *La Nouvelle Revue Française* for February 1. It brings the state of his theory down to January 15 of this year. Both articles have necessarily been somewhat shortened.]

I

CAN a man see with his skin? M. Louis Farigoule asserts that he can, and maintains this opinion in a little book which appeared some three years ago. It is not to be questioned that the first instinct of the reader as he opens this volume will be distrust. In the first place, we cannot ignore the author's personality. Although his name is Farigoule, he is better known under his pseudonym as Jules Romains. He is a brilliant poet and powerful

dramatist, and he is the author of such novels as *Les Copains* and *Donogoo Tonka*, in which mystification is the chief principle.

And yet we must place the sincerity and the competence of the author of this book beyond all question. For his sincerity I believe that I am myself able to vouch. His competence is indicated by his serious study of physiology and histology. M. Farigoule did not come to the science of psycho-

physiology as an amateur. Even while he was engaged in his philosophic studies, he devoted two whole years — his first two years at the *École Normale* — to the study of natural science. When during the war, as professor of philosophy at the *Lycée de Nice*, he resumed his scientific studies, he was no longer a prentice hand, and the work here discussed is the fruit of careful experiments carried out with stubborn perseverance during a period of years. The question is not whether M. Farigoule is making game of us, nor whether he is talking glibly on subjects he knows nothing about. The only question is whether he may not be mistaken.

Let me sum up his theory briefly. It grows out of two other problems, one physiological and the other psychological.

Our knowledge of the way in which our bodies work — that is, physiology — is, as a rule, a good deal less complete than our knowledge of their structure — that is, anatomy. To take a definite example, microscopic analysis of the human skin has almost reached a state of perfection to-day; but the physiologists, or even the anatomists themselves, are not content to describe all the widely different nerve endings that they find in the body's outer coating as 'organs of touch,' without going to the psychologists for some needed assistance. There are, in the human skin 'anatomical structures to which no physiological function has yet been assigned, or functions whose attribution rests on a doubtful basis.'

Now the study of diseased minds shows that in certain sleepwalkers there are 'sensorial disturbances.' It looks as though in certain cases these people are able to see objects without using their eyes.

Hence the hypothesis that in all men there exists genuine vision which is

still unknown — that is to say, a knowledge of forms and colors which is distinct from the vision of the retina of the human eye, and yet comparable to it and capable of taking its place at need. The phenomena that have been observed cannot be explained by any of the senses that are already known, by an appeal to the supernatural, or by new kinds of vision with the retina. At the same time they can only be explained by assuming the formation of visual images, similar to those on the retina, but localized in other parts of the body.

This 'extra-retinian vision' must be the function of an unknown sense which M. Farigoule terms 'the paroptic sense.' He endeavors to show that it exists in certain microscopic organs of the epidermis which he calls 'ocelli,' the two portions of which have been studied and described by contemporary anatomists. This paroptic sense must exist in all men side by side with retinian vision, but without functioning, or at least without affecting the ordinary level of consciousness. It can be awakened, however, in certain states of consciousness such as sleepwalking or hypnosis, or even by the individual will.

M. Farigoule's results have been secured by a triple series of experiments. First, objective experiments on subjects in a hypnotic state (I am using here the traditional phrase, although the author makes some reservation on it). In this way M. Farigoule has been able not only to awaken a perfectly definite paroptic sense in all his subjects, but to study the physiological and psychological nature of the vision thus discovered. Second, by experiments on himself, M. Farigoule claims to have awakened his own paroptic sense after very considerable effort, without, however, achieving the same perfection as in hypnotized subjects.

Third, experiments on the blind, to whom M. Farigoule succeeded in giving a kind of vision. For a number of reasons, these last experiments were not carried so far as the other two series.

In this theory there is a purely physiological part which I shall leave out of my article because I am scarcely competent to discuss it, and it is outside the domain of philosophy. Admitting for the moment that a paroptic sense exists, where can it be localized? And does the description which M. Farigoule gives of his ocelli correspond to what microscopic anatomy shows? He joins together two organs that have hitherto been described separately by anatomists: first, the meniscus or 'herediform termination' of Ranvier, an expansion within the epidermis itself, and the 'tactile cell,' also described by Ranvier.

All that an outsider can say is that this identification is rendered highly probable by M. Farigoule's close and careful reasoning. However that may be, this is not the main question. If we could prove to-morrow that the organ of the paroptic sense is to be found elsewhere, nevertheless the essentials of M. Farigoule's discovery — that is to say, the existence of a paroptic sense — would still stand firm, for it is a matter of experimental psychology.

His first series of experiments tends to show, as we have seen, that during special states of consciousness an unknown sense exists; and that this unknown sense is genuine vision, localized in the body's covering. Abnormal vision in sleepwalking has often been noted, and M. Farigoule is rightly astonished to find that it has been so little analyzed, and, above all, that it has stirred no surprise among psychologists. One only wishes that M. Farigoule had given a few references. It is

difficult not to see some stubbornness in his obstinate refusal to refer to earlier work in the same field.

There can be no question here of summing up, however briefly, either the methods or the results of M. Farigoule's experiments. It is enough to say that the hypnotized subject, with eyes bandaged so that there was no chance of using the eyes, achieved a vision which was at first very limited, very uncertain, very crude; and after several experiments succeeded in seeing with the skin a few luminous patches and the vague outline of large objects near at hand. This vision unaided by the retina was capable of improvement — that is, it became sufficiently perfect to permit the subject to read fine writing very close to him, and to secure an impression of continuous and circular space, for the paroptic sense exists in the back of the neck, along the back, on the chest, the forehead, and the hands.

The author has studied the characteristics of this vision in detail, investigating the perception of colors and the extent of the spectrum visible to the paroptic sense; its capacity for seeing in a dim light; its relation to other senses, such as smell; the paroptic sensitiveness of various parts of the body; time required for development; and power of differentiation. He gives in detail several series of experiments, and describes the equipment that he constructed to prevent any fraud, and to make sure that the eyes could play no part in the phenomena which he studied.

The precision of his details, his implacable logic, the ingenuity with which he devised his experiments and resorted to every effort to prove the truth of his hypothesis, the fidelity with which he reports the experiments that failed and suggests new avenues to investigators, are peculiarly disarming.

I may point out, however, two places where reservations are needed. First, M. Farigoule gives no definite information about the state in which his subjects had to be placed in order to bring out their vision without the retina. He simply calls it 'condition δ ,' and confines himself to remarking that it gathers together 'a good many phenomena traditionally described under the head of sleepwalking.' It must at least be said that it does not involve an exceptional condition existing only in a few alienist's patients or in a few hysterics, the ordinary subjects of psychiatric laboratories. Quite the contrary, this condition can be developed with more or less speed and stability in any normal individual, man or woman, and those whom M. Farigoule has used had never before lent themselves to experiments of this kind.

Second, it does not seem that M. Farigoule would ever have succeeded in stirring up vision without the retina in his subjects in their normal condition — in this series of experiments, at least. The paroptic sense, which rouses in 'condition δ ,' or the second state, does not seem able to pass to 'condition α ' — that is to say, the normal or first condition. This is important in two ways: first, if the reader admits the facts described in the book as actual, he is tempted to explain them by those same magic words which provide a useful catchword applicable to any unknown phenomena — suggestion or telepathy. No doubt the author meets this theory, and treats it with disdain. No doubt, too, the crucial experiments to which he resorts seem perfectly decisive. The hypnotized subject read by means of the paroptic sense a text of which the experimenter had no knowledge. But M. Farigoule cannot deny that in this condition the subject is in the power of another's will. If this force of suggestion is not

enough to explain the phenomenon entirely, one may admit that it is good for something.

To tell the truth, M. Farigoule has tried to convince his reader on this point by his second series of experiments, in which he succeeded in awakening his own paroptic sense. Vision without the retina, thus aroused spontaneously and in a normal state of consciousness, seems, however, a good deal more difficult, and is far less perfect than the experiments of the preceding series.

The author's sincerity being beyond question, then, is there any way of escaping his conclusion — that is, is there any way to deny the reality of vision without eyes? The idea of autosuggestion comes naturally to the mind, but it is difficult to maintain it after M. Farigoule's lucid analysis of this suggestion.

I pass over, without stressing them, the third series of experiments on the blind, which M. Farigoule has not brought to an end. He himself describes them only very briefly, and he must be congratulated on that, for this is the aspect of his studies most calculated to stir public opinion, and it is the only one he would have developed if he had been moved by the desire for notoriety, of which some have accused him. He tried to produce paroptic vision in the blind, not by hypnosis, but in their normal state of consciousness. Without giving definite information, he claims to be capable of producing a beginning of paroptic vision in a blind man after four or five hour-long sittings.

Here the question assumes such an immediate practical importance that it is hard to understand why, during the more than two years since his book appeared, the author has found no one to undertake the proof of what he advances, or rather to put him in a way

of executing his promises. Such indifference seems to me inconceivable, a kind of scandal.

This is a very bold and original thesis on a subject of the greatest importance. The question is far enough along so that fairly simple experiments in a rather short time might verify it or overthrow it in a decisive way. While we wait for these experiments, we might almost reproach the new theory with being too attractive and too convincing. The critical spirit remains distrustful because it finds only objections of detail without any essential criticisms.

All M. Farigoule's arguments are arranged with so much perfection, all the objections are overthrown with so much regularity, that one thinks rather of the arbitrary inventions of a poet than of a scientist at grips with the disorder of nature. We are not accustomed to such a swift discovery, nor to one so perfect, nor to one made by a single man. There has not

been effort enough to make it seem probable.

The author himself is aware of this, and sometimes makes excuses because his hypotheses run along and are deduced with such disconcerting logic. But we must remember that, as M. Farigoule says, his problem was prepared by preliminary research to a greater extent than one suspects, and also that the hypothesis is less revolutionary than the author says, less so, perhaps, than he thinks. Moreover, M. Farigoule does not inform us of all his unsuccessful experiments. He gives us the illusion of a simple and easy investigation by the infinitely clever structure of his book, in which it cannot be denied he has done an artistic piece of work. The future will undoubtedly show chinks and crevices gaping in the minutely adjusted scaffolding of this hypothesis.

But something seems to have been achieved already. It is impossible that there should be 'nothing in it.'

II

In the beginning of July, 1918, I had completed the series of experiments which I had previously mapped out for myself. In each series I had the good fortune to succeed in carrying out and in repeating the crucial experiment or experiments. The theories that remained after this work, and that, in their natural order, tend to constitute the ocellar theory of extra-retinian vision, have ceased one by one to be mere intellectual notions, anticipations, or approximations on paper. Submitted again and again to laboratory test, they may be presented henceforward with the armament of facts. In one degree only, the limitations of perceiving color without the eye, circumstances have prevented my attaining the desired precision; but this trifling gap, which it

is very easy eventually to fill up, can neither affect the theory as a whole nor delay examination of its practical employment.

The chief, or at least the first, application to be looked forward to, was the education of the paroptic sense in the blind. The war, which at that time was coming to its end, had done nothing to render this attempt less opportune or less urgent. On September 16, urgent representations repeated every day for a week secured me two blind men from the Centre de Nice, although under all sorts of annoying reservations. Let it be well understood that I did not commit the moral blunder of giving these poor fellows the hope—still pure theory—that stirred in my own breast.

On September 19, a little before noon, Michel, a blind victim of the war formerly attached to the Saloniki army, recognized the figure 4, about eight centimetres high, and about a centimetre in thickness, placed under glass in a closed receptacle, and succeeded in following correctly with his finger the outlines of the figure through the plate of glass. I passed the rest of the day in the grip of strong emotion, convinced that I was to be witness of a new and important achievement for humanity. I thought of the scientific men of earlier days, who in similar circumstances would have vowed a pilgrimage to Our Lady, and I hope I shall be understood when I say that that figure 4, which I have kept, stirs me when I look at it, even to-day.

On September 20, the blind man Baudoin, a former adjutant of colonial troops, recognized the figure 7 under the same conditions. A few minutes later, he recognized the figure 8, and a few minutes after that, the figure 2. On September 21, the blind man Baudoin carried out further correct reading of figures, and recognition of colors and objects.

On September 28, after our work had been interrupted a week for reasons that still remain obscure, Michel again succeeded in reading several figures, some capital letters, and in describing incompletely but in striking fashion an unusual object which was presented to him at a distance.

From that moment, in spite of my precautions and endeavors to keep them from exaggerating the significance of these very modest results, Michel and Baudoin were convinced that they would cease to be blind; and in spite of my formal instructions they passed the word to their comrades at the Centre de Nice, and perhaps to other individuals, with regard to facts which ten days earlier they themselves did not imagine possible.

I did not see them again. My most urgent demands did not enable me to get in touch with them. I ran against polite but evasive responses, describing their 'fatigue' or 'temporary illness.' I received one short letter from Baudoin, in which he spoke, I think, of 'lasting gratitude' to me. I had the weakness, in a moment of ill humor, to destroy the letter.

Early in October I fell sick. The Spanish influenza, which was then raging, found my resistance lowered, no doubt. I did not die, but my convalescence lasted until the spring of 1919. While it was ending, I had the strength to begin some new experiments, and to write my book on *La vision extra-rétinienne*. Various difficulties delayed its appearance until June 1920. In the meantime, I had tried in vain to interest the Académie des Sciences, the Académie des Sciences Morales, and the Sorbonne. This brings us to October 1920, the time when they organized an ambush for me at the Sorbonne, of which some day I shall give an account in detail.

For the moment let it suffice the public to know that toward the end of November I was naïve enough to accept an invitation at seven one Thursday evening, to arrange a test at the Sorbonne at two o'clock the next day, although my apparatus and my educated subjects were then at a distance of a thousand kilometres. When I remarked that I could not train a subject before two o'clock the next day, the instigator of the affair replied with a pleasant smile: —

'But it is understood, if you cannot show us anything to-morrow, we shall not hold anything against your work, and, on the other hand, if you have the least little thing to show us, the very least thing in the world, we shall publish it from the housetops.'

The next morning I succeeded in

getting hold of a person who two years before had been used for two previous trials of my paroptic training of a half-hour each. I persuaded him to give me his help for the afternoon, if only to show the specialists, or those who pretended to be such, how paroptic experiments were carried out. That afternoon at the Sorbonne, I had the luck — incredible when I think of it — to secure several evidences of paroptic perception, brief but decisive.

My opponents — there were enough of them — seemed somewhat out of countenance. But in the beginning I had not counted on any results, since it struck me as a mere meeting with fellow workers; and as I did not expect anything underhanded I failed to require that two secretaries should draw up a *procès-verbal*, experiment by experiment, of the facts established. And so, when two hours later my work was done, Professor G. D. of the Sorbonne was able, with the assistance of certain accomplices, to work out a parody of the experiments that had just taken place — a parody so grotesque that I make no reply save a shrug of the shoulders.

In October 1922, I made up my mind that it was time to change the status of affairs, since it was not changing itself, and no one at Harvard, Vienna, or Yokohama had taken it upon himself to rediscover vision without eyes, its laws, and its first applications. Although I have not been able since October to give the task more than a small portion of my time, the situation

on January 15 of the present year is as follows.

All the demonstrations under controlled conditions for which I have been requested or for which I myself have asked, have completely succeeded. Some took place under grave auspices and were surrounded with unusual facilities for verification — among others, the experiments of January 10 in the operating room of the ophthalmological service of the Cochin Hospital, under the presidency of Dr. Cantonnet, the chief. Of all the biologists, ophthalmologists, neurologists, psychophysicologists, physicians, and professors at the University, who were present at these various meetings, not one has hesitated to sign the detailed account of the experiments that was drawn up, which included formal recognition of the authenticity of the facts.

As for the explanation of these facts by my ocellar theory, it is natural that that does not carry equal conviction to all minds, some of whom have just learned of the bare existence of the facts which it systematizes, and some of whom do not regard themselves as competent to judge an interpretation which presupposes equal familiarity with psychophysiological treatment and with histological analysis. A good many consider it as established from now on — that is to say, in scientific language, it is the most coherent explanation and the most probable that can be furnished in the present state of scientific inquiry.

GLIMPSES OF OUR CAPITAL

BY MICHAIL BULGAKOV

From *Nakanune*, January 20

(BERLIN RUSSIAN-LANGUAGE BOLSHEVIST DAILY)

I. AN EXTRAORDINARY BOY

YESTERDAY morning as I walked along the Tverskaia I saw a boy. He was followed by a crowd of open-mouthed citizens of both sexes and by a string of empty *izvoschiki*. Passengers were hanging down from a passing street car, with fingers pointed toward the boy. I am not quite positive, but I believe that I saw a woman peddling apples next to house No. 73 sob with happiness; and a chauffeur's attention was so engaged by the youthful passer-by that he directed his automobile right across a sidewalk and came near landing in a police court.

I rubbed my eyes and finally understood what the matter was.

This boy did not carry a portable stand with saccharine sweets; neither did he yell in a loud voice the names of different brands of cigarettes or headlines of newspapers. He was not snatching damaged 'lemons' — or million-ruble notes — from another boy's tray and kicking his competitor with his heels. He had no cigarette in his mouth. He did not use offensive language! Nor was he dressed in rags and begging, in a whining voice, whenever he caught sight of a well-fed speculator: 'G-i-i-v-e, for Chri-i-st's sa-a-ke!'

No, citizens. This unique, this only boy of his kind walked quietly, without haste. He had a warm cap pulled over his ears; and on his countenance all the virtues proper to his age were inscribed. It was not a boy — it was a cherub! A cherub in warm mittens and

felt boots. A sack with textbooks and copy books hung over his shoulder, and I saw with my own eyes the corner of a well-worn arithmetic sticking out of it! The boy was going to school. He was going to attend classes! . . .

II. TRILLIONAIRE

I went to see an acquaintance of mine, a *nepman*, — which is current Russian for a man enriched by the New Economic Policy, — because I have grown tired of visiting my poet friends. *La Bohème* is no good except in novels: you come to see a poet, and he asks you to have a seat upon an old box. The box is sure to have stubs of rusty nails in it. Your host will have tea but no sugar, or sugar without tea; or else, his landlady will be distilling moonshine — *samogonka* — in the adjoining room and receiving bloated, sleepy-visaged visitors; and you wait till a patrol comes to arrest her and her puffy-faced customers, and takes yourself in the bargain. Worse than that, your poet friend will recite one of his poems, and then another, and still a third. . . . Unbearable!

It's a different story in a *nepman* home. Tea, lemons, cookies, a waitress, perfumes in the air, silver spoons. The daughter of the family plays 'The Maiden's Prayer' upon the piano. Upholstered furniture. Cream in your tea. Nobody reads poetry.

One thing embarrassed me: a little hole in my trouser-knee seemed to take the dimensions of a large saucer when reflected in the magnificent mirrors

of the drawing-room. I covered the hole with my right hand which forced me to stir my tea awkwardly with my left.

However, in a few minutes the door-bell rang and somebody entered who made everything and everyone else look insignificant. It seemed to me that even the sterling-silver teaspoons shriveled into the semblance of second-hand plated ware when he stepped into the room.

The newcomer wore upon his forefinger something that looked like the cross on top of Our Saviour's Church at sunset. My neighbor whispered to me:—

'Ninety carats, at least . . . I bet you he took it right off a crown . . . ' but then my neighbor is a poet who frequently mentions precious stones in his verses but is himself so poor that a carat is with him a very vague conception.

The stone, which cast a multicolored radiance all around, the sable wrap upon the newcomer's wife, and the man's quickly shifting eyes made it clear to me that here was a nepman head and shoulders above all other nepmen present—very likely one of a Government Trust.

The lady of the house blushed with pride, her golden teeth glistened with a happy smile, and she rushed to meet the couple. 'The Maiden's Prayer' was interrupted. Immediately tea was served, with the big nepman as the centre of all eyes and of all attentions.

I felt hurt. What does it matter if he is a nepman? Am I not a man, too? I decided to start a conversation, and succeeded very well.

'What salary do you get?' I asked the nepman.

At this moment two feet stepped significantly upon my toes. Upon my right foot I felt the crooked and worn-off heel of the poet's boot. Upon the

left, the sharp French heel of the lady of the house.

But the nepman himself did not feel offended. I even thought that my question flattered him. He looked at me for a moment.

'M-m-m . . . ' he said. 'Er-r-r—a trifle! Some two-three milliards'; and he shot a shaft of light from his diamond into my face.

'And—and how much does your diamond . . . ' but here my speech ended in a shrill cry of pain, because they stepped upon my toes from all sides.

'I—I wanted to say—how much does it cost now to get a shave?' I concluded, hardly knowing what I said.

'Shaving—shaving costs twenty lemons now,' (that is, twenty million rubles), replied the bewildered nepman. And our hostess winked at him as if to say: 'Please don't mind that fool.'

In the wink of an eye I was shoved deftly into the background. The hostess chattered gayly, but for a while the conversation could not get away from lemons and prices. The poet threw up his hands and exclaimed, 'Twenty lemons! Oh, my! Oh, Lord!' The last time he had a shave was in June.

Then the hostess herself began to say something about the Government Trust's turnover and she must have comically understated the amounts; because the nepman evidently decided that he was in a company of financial infants, and that we had to be shown our place.

'The other day,' he began, his black eyes shifting all around the room, 'the other day a man came into the Trust, and he says: "I'll take merchandise from you for two hundred milliards. I'll give you a note for that." "Well," I says to him, "well, sir, you are a private individual. Your esteemed note, sir . . . What would be the

guaranty, sir?" "Oh," he says, "guaranty? There, if you please!" And he pulls out his deposit book, and what do you think'—here the nepman looked the company over triumphantly—'what do you think he had in the bank?'

'Three hundred milliards!' the poet exclaimed. This wretched sans-culotte never held more than fifty lemons in his hands.

'Eight hundred milliards,' said the lady of the house.

'Nine hundred and forty,' I inter-

polated timidly, stretching my feet as high as I could under the table, so they would n't stamp on my toes again.

The nepman waited a while, like a real artist, and then said:—

'Thirty-three trillions.'

Here I fainted, and I do not know what followed.

Note for foreigners: in the Moscow Trusts a trillion is the name for a thousand milliards or billions. Thirty-three trillions should be written as follows: 33,000,000,000,000.

THE MODERN THEATRE IN ITALY

BY ALFRED MORTIER

From *Le Figaro*, January 21 and 28
(LIBERAL NATIONALIST DAILY)

M. DULLIN's recent production at Paris of Luigi Pirandello's *Il piacere dell' onesta* (The Fun of Being Honest), and the interest that the work attracted, although it is far from being the author's masterpiece, justify a short study of the modern Italian dramatists, who are wholly ignored in France to-day. There is, moreover, a certain ingratitude about the present situation when one reflects that our own drama occupies an extremely important—we may even say a preponderant—place on the Italian stage. All our well-known authors are constantly being presented, and three times out of five it is a French name that the traveler sees upon the play-bills. What is still more desirable, Italian critics are on the watch for our most recent writers, and men like Renato Simoni at Milan, Cesare Levi

at Florence, Tilgher, F. M. Martini, Silvio d'Amico, or Lucio d'Ambra at Rome will talk with perfect familiarity of French dramatists like Maurice Raynal, Jean Sarment, Amiel and Obey, Gabriel Marcel, René Lenormand, J. J. Bernard, Boussac de Saint-Marc, Crommelinck, Jacques Natan-son, Ph. Faure-Fremiet, and the rest. One cannot help liking and admiring this intense curiosity, which is in illuminating contrast to our own laxness and indifference toward our neighbors' achievements—a mute reproach which we ought to feel keenly.

Until the last few years the naturalist drama and the comedy of middle-class life have occupied the chief place in Italy. It seemed to be the chief concern of the writers to give a faithful picture of the manners and sometimes of the characters of the people of their

provinces; and if we regard them only from this standpoint, they have shown themselves vigorous and picturesque reporters. Their plays fail, as a general thing, because their construction is less firm and skillful than with us, but one can discover undeniable merits and genuine excellence. Moreover, the romanticism, or rather the sentimentality, the excess of sensibility, the quest for pathos that verges on the gross, have often taken possession of dramatists on the other side of the Alps. And finally, some poets have emerged, chief among them that distinguished artist who is in himself glory enough for one generation — I mean, of course, Gabriele d'Annunzio, the only Italian who is really known in France.

After him, and a good distance after him, is Sem Benelli, whose *Cena delle beffe* was given in Paris in a translation by Jean Richepin. However, Sem Benelli comes from the romantic past, and the younger literary men of to-day assign him and his recent play, *Arzigolo*, to a past whose formula has been worked out.

Finally we must mention *Glauco*, by the young and regretted Luigi Morselli, who, although he borrowed his story from the somewhat threadbare legend of Circe and her enchantments, is capable of genuine poetic feeling and a supple style that is strong, charming, and very pure.

Together with these poets who have, after all, clung fast to a tradition which has partly vanished, there has arisen during the last seven or eight years a generation of freer artists, of whom we may say without offense to the two preceding generations that they are more intelligent. Intelligence, indeed, is one of the most obvious characteristics of the Italian down through the centuries. The finesse, the subtlety, of the humanists of the Renaissance, when the rest of Europe was still fairly close

to the uncivilized state, stirs us to amazement. This ancestral spirit, which was the torch of all Western Europe, has been kindled anew. Italy in its isolation has always had thinkers of exceptional force, from Vico to Benedetto Croce — thinkers whom we Frenchmen, alas, have not sufficiently studied because we have given up Latin civilization, and because, preoccupied with Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Spencer, Emerson, Ruskin, not to mention the Russians, we have allowed ourselves to be seduced by German mysticism, Mongolian exoticism, and Anglo-Saxon æstheticism.

None the less, the Italian is our brother in every way, were it only through his gift of irony. The Italian stands alone with us in Europe, a sensitive and passionate being, who nevertheless looks abroad on the world as a humorist and a critic. It is these last gifts that have reached their highest point in the new works of which I have just been speaking. These plays, which have been falsely styled *grotteschi* (grotesques) because one of the first plays of the series had some such title — I mean *La maschera ed il volto* (The Mask and the Face) of Luigi Chiarelli — would have been more fairly called humoresques. For humor, intellectual fantasy, is the quality that especially characterizes them, proof of which is to be found in the fact that the admitted chief of this school, — if there is any school, — Luigi Pirandello, has published his artistic and philosophical opinions under the title, *Humorism*.

Luigi Pirandello — who is past fifty and still learning as he has always been — long ago achieved distinction with his novels and stories, which revealed an individuality without a trace of the banal. But his fame dates from his long-delayed début as a playwright. He has leaped into notice as a dramatist within five or six years, and in this

brief time, with disconcerting power and fecundity, has produced a dozen plays all marked with striking originality, a sure proof of superior creative ability. I cannot in this brief article do more than sum up a few of them, endeavoring to display in this way the 'Pirandello spirit,' as people are already saying south of the Alps.

First let us discuss *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, which was produced not long ago by M. Pitoëff at the Comédie des Champs-Élysées, whose strangeness and incredible novelty clothe the ideas as profound as they are imperturbable and suggest, by the way, a host of reflections on the relationship between art and life. . . . The play displays searching and subtle logic, and is rich in a variety of ideas, striking in its contrast of art and reality, its comparison between true sorrow and the sorrow that is assumed by the actors — that is to say, by every artist.

In another play, *Come prima meglio di prima* (As Before, Better Than Before), Livia, the daughter of the professor, Gelli, believes that her mother is dead. Under another name her mother reappears, worn and faded, and poses as the professor's second wife. This situation is almost fit for vaudeville. But it has the elements of tragedy, and the author extracts odd effects from it. For Livia cannot love her 'stepmother,' and the mother in the end becomes jealous of Livia's ideals of her past self, that image of a mother for which the girl reserves all her thoughts, and which is after all nothing but the stepmother in another portion of her life. There is a dissociation of personality here that makes you think.

Another play, *Così e se vi pare* (Just As You Seem), has the subtitle 'A Parable.' In this Pirandello tries to show the relationship between humanity's idea of truth, inevitably distorted, always subjective — or rather

always confined in the rigid frame imposed upon it by our methods of thinking, our habits of reasoning — and the appearances on which men base their certitude, constructing in this way a kind of bridge out of their own vital ideas, beneath which pours an obscure and mysterious river of the 'true truth,' intangible, fleeting, forever elusive to the grasp. These philosophic opinions, to be sure, are never definitely expressed. They arise from the action of a play that is highly wrought, — even a little too highly constructed, — being deduced from it, nevertheless, with a dialectic vigor that is extraordinary in itself, and a skill and delicacy of touch that never leaves a gap, that makes this play a masterpiece of dramatic clockwork and intellectual irony.

Finally there is *Henry IV*, the last work that has come from Pirandello's brain, no less original than those that have preceded it, and perhaps surpassing them in dramatic power, for in it one finds more humanity and pity. A man moving in the best society takes part in an historical-costume ball, where he is being dressed up to represent Henry IV, — not our good French King of Navarre, but the German emperor, the one who got into trouble with Pope Gregory VII and had to go to Canossa, — falls from his horse, strikes his head against the curb, and goes crazy. His insanity consists in believing that he really is the emperor, and in order to humor his madness, which is otherwise harmless, his family send him off to a château and surround him with paid and costumed servants who play the part of his vassals.

Without going into the details of a plot in which a false love plays its part, let me simply say that the pretended emperor receives one day a visit from a lady whom he once loved ardently. Now this crazy man has not been crazy for a long time. He has recovered his

sanity unknown to those around him, and then, seeing that his only choice is returning to a society of treacherous and inferior creatures in a social atmosphere that is vile and without true nobility of spirit, he prefers to remain as he is, to give other people a display of madness, and to shut himself up voluntarily in moral exile, which has at least the advantage of the greatness of history and even of its truth, — the advantage of having taken place and being unavoidable, of that *fatum* which once has been and can never be again, — in place of the changeable uncertainty and formlessness of that which is to come, the future. It is an amazing drama, with its moments of bitter and terrible irony, in which there is a fine part for an actor like Lucien Guitry or Firmin Gemier.

From these specimens one can discern the exceptional interest of this Italian writer. Luigi Pirandello appears to us like an artist philosopher, dealing with a single system of belief upon which each successive play is nothing but a variation. This doctrine is relativity, the creed that has imposed itself upon moderns since the time of Kant. The Italian author is as objective a mind as could be desired, a brain for which life is a spectacle. He surprises even himself in untangling ideas and concepts. He never accepts a conventional idea without passing it through the sieve of a terrifically alert intelligence, and demonstrating its feebleness with the skill of a juggler who amuses himself by tossing Venetian glasses in the air, and who every now and then lets one go crashing to the floor, and does it on purpose, to complete his demonstration and bring us back to grim reality.

It has often been said that he is the Italian Bernard Shaw, but such comparisons mean little. Shaw is gifted with an ironic wit that is altogether

distinct, because it is far less purely intellectual. So it has been said that Pirandello deals in paradoxes — an easy phrase for lazy people. To Pirandello paradox is a word that has no meaning. Life is a problem that offers a thousand solutions. It all depends upon your premises. The author of *Così e se vi pare* is endowed with an inexhaustible imagination in readjusting his premises. He never flatters himself that he has finally solved the problem, but his work is crammed with suggestions, if one is willing to consider that a problem well started is half solved.

Pirandello's work is a marvelous field of study for the thinker, even be he a philosophical theorist, because in place of cold deductive reasoning he will find there a group of new human relationships and an infinite number of human possibilities. This is unique in literature. It is not by chance that he has given his work the general title of *Maschere nude* (Masks Off). He has tried to snatch the masks from those ideas on which humanity bases its relationships with life.

It will be observed, however, that since life is based on our illusions Pirandello becomes a kind of Satan in snatching them away. Goethe's Mephistopheles expresses some such idea. The critical spirit pushed to its extreme limits is a destructive ferment. Skepticism without limit leads to flaming joys that burn life to ashes; and so, in spite of his brilliance, Pirandello's art is withdrawn from humanity because it is a pure creation of the intellect, which bases itself upon the instability of the possible. It is an art of the mind, dialectic, voluntary, implacable, which dazzles and delights by its magnificent clarity — the flame of a hundred thousand electric lights concentrated to illumine the darkness of one little room. But after it one seeks in haste for the light of day, a beam from the real sun,

even though it must be seen through the fog of a Netherlands landscape.

A great writer, undoubtedly — perhaps even a genius, the kind of genius inevitable in our century. But a truer genius may come even yet, and he will be born from faith, that other kind of faith which is the only true riches. And beside the ingenious architecture of Pirandello this genius of the future will let us hear a great and sublime cry bursting from the heart of man, words of love that will carry everything before them, most of all relativism, and that will bear the spirit on their wings to the towers of the beyond.

Various other dramatists have appeared at about the same time with Pirandello, some of whom seem to have felt his influence, whereas others remain sharply differentiated from him in feeling. Among the latter class we must mention M. Rosso di San Secondo, who like Pirandello himself is a Sicilian. His first play, *Marionette che passione* (The Impassioned Puppets), is a work of amazing personal insight and astounding structural originality.

The first act takes place at Milan one rainy Sunday in the almost empty central telegraph office. Two men and a woman, who do not know one another, each in the grip of despair, write out and try to revise their telegrams, without being able to put what they want to say into words. Their common difficulty brings them together. They feel a bond of sympathy. In the second act they endeavor to see one another again and they succeed in meeting. In the third act they finish the evening together at a cabaret.

Summed up thus, there is nothing especially spurious about the scenario; but the dialogue and the episodes, the sentimental proceedings, are of the most curious irony, touched with a kind of bitterness, *entre cuir et chair*, at once mocking and tragic, which bites its way

to the spectator's heart and grips him with an emotion of its own. The characters of this 'burlesque drama' suffer deeply and genuinely, and through their suffering they become appealing. They endeavor to escape from their woes by erecting among themselves a new life, designed to mask their suffering. They show us in this way the shallowness of their despair, which is ready to grasp at the first pretext to satisfy their inner will to live, which will not endure that any sorrow should last forever. There is a pitiable contrast between what they think they are and what they really are, between their pitiful aspirations and their actual mediocrity, which renders them absurd. This play achieved a deserved success in Italy, and I believe that it will give pleasure in Paris. M. Rosso di San Secondo has also written *L'Ospite desiderato* (The Guest Desired) and *La bella addormentata* (The Sleeping Beauty), in which he shows an endeavor after indisputable art and a quest for the new.

Let this be enough for the moment of the theatrical accomplishments of M. Rosso di San Secondo, of whom I believe we may hope a good deal. A perturbed spirit, keen, inquiring, less pensive than Pirandello, but closer to nature, feeling life and interpreting it with an intensity, a sensuality that is individual — here is an artist, a poet amazingly endowed, to whom no one can be indifferent, even in his faults, which disturb none save those who seek for them.

Sufficiently apart from the *grotteschi* rises the light and delicate figure of Fausto Maria Martini. Poet, novelist, dramatic critic at Rome, this young writer, who was left for dead on the battlefield during the war, is, with Lucio d'Ambra, one of those who best love and understand French literature. The theatre is in his debt for several

plays, among them *The Black Lily* and *Laugh, Paillasse*, — a comedy in which the celebrated Sicilian actor, Angelo Museo, displayed a dazzling technique, and which ought to tempt our own Max Dearly, for in its third act is a tragicomic dance composition of great effect, — and finally *Il fiore sotto gli occhi* (The Flower under the Eyes), of which a brief summary must suffice.

Silvio Aroca is a school-teacher married to a charming young girl named Jeanne. It is a happy, delightful home. One day Silvio encounters a boyhood friend who is in love with a celebrated actress. His imagination falls to work, he regards his own lot in life as stupid, and a romantic idea occurs to him: to go off on a vacation to Sorrento, imagining that Jeanne is wife to somebody else, and to make love to her; for his wife is 'The Flower under the Eyes' — the woman he sees too closely to find fascinating. 'By this silly trick,' he tells his wife, 'I shall arouse again the feeling of conquest.'

But in the next act, at Sorrento, his wife refuses to have anything to do with him, and, pretending to take her rôle in the comedy seriously, insists that she is faithful to her pretended husband left behind at Rome. This unheard-of manœuvre is all the more serious because of the presence of a man of the world who pays court to the wife of the infuriated Silvio. In the last act, when they have come back to their home, something has gone wrong — for it is not safe to play with fire. Will their lives ever draw together again? Yes, for henceforward the husband must consent to let his wife manage their happiness.

Treated with as much grace as skill, this paradoxical bit of sentimentality, which is not without pathetic depths, has material that might be pleasing in France. *Il fiori sotto gli occhi* deserves to be translated, and would find its

natural place at the Odéon, if we Frenchmen understood better how to practise the duty of reciprocity.

Finally, we must mention a comedy by M. Martini, which was produced by Emma Grammatica — *The Other Nannette*, which has just achieved the greatest success on several stages.

My space being limited, I can give only hasty notice to other authors who are new to the Italian stage. It is too bad, for more than one of them would be worth extended study. I have already mentioned M. Luigi Chiarelli, who may have been the founder of the *grottesco* movement, and who, I think, invented the title *La maschera ed il volto*. Another dramatist, M. Luigi Antonelli, has experimented with what I call 'fantastic humor' in *The Man Who Met Himself*. The hero of this play, a widower in his forties, named Lucien de Garbines, disembarks or thinks he disembarks one day on an unknown island ruled by a certain Dr. Climt. He falls to thinking of his youth and it seems to him that he would like to live it over again differently. And at this very moment he sees coming toward him that very Lucien de Garbines whom he once was. And with him his wife and her lover, and even his former stepmother. He tries to flirt with this phantom wife. He conducts a conscientious conversation with his stepmother, and tries to enlighten his double on the infidelity of Sonia; but the Lucien whom he was will hear nothing, and stands up for his illusions to the bitter end.

I have sketched in only the main outline of this fantastic piece, the lesson of which is obvious, and which is adorned with amusing sallies and conceals beneath its apparent lack of coherence a logic that is rigorous, ingenious, and often witty. In *The Window Opening on the World*, which, like the preceding comedy, was created by the

Gandusio Company, the author, M. Carlo Veneziani, treats a subject of the same type. For we see here a man watching his own life as if it were that of another, pretending that he is dead and looking with Olympian calm at the conjugal misfortunes, the boredom of public life, and the boorish content of his fellow citizens. This philosophical fantasy, phrased in vigorous dialogue, nevertheless cannot pretend to be more than a rough sketch.

There is more careful work in *The Puppet* of M. Oswald Cantoni-Gibertini, which was presented at Florence by Palmerini—a kind of symbolic farce in which a man's conscience is represented by a doll, and the emotions that he does not dare express by a nigger baby. The straining after stylistic effect which sometimes becomes overintense is still more obvious in the work of Enrico Cavacchioli, whose *Silver Clock*, *The Girl Like You*, *The Dance*, and *Pinocchio in Love* have all been presented at Turin and Milan. This author, for all his keen wit and uneasy verve, suffers from the modern craze for shocking the middle class. In *The Girl Like You*, for example, he does not hesitate to set people talking with their own phantoms, and secures part of his effect by the grotesque clash between their pathetic feelings and their lamentable and absurd appearance.

Let me close my catalogue by mentioning a work that contrasts with that of the fantastic authors I have been discussing, which has often impressed me, although it seems to be little known and has been presented only now and then in Milan at the Philodramatic Theatre in 1919—although it must be admitted it was given by an accomplished artist, Mme. Alda Borelli. This is *La donna di nessuno* (Nobody's Wife) by Cesare Lodovici, which it seems to me neither the critics nor the public have appreciated at its proper value.

Here there is no superficial dramatic effect, no plot, no theatrical tricks, no surprise, no thesis, no philosophical paradoxes laboriously worked out, but on the contrary the single admirable quality of expressing the perplexing inner life of human beings. It is something that defies analysis—a woman placed among three men: a silly, commonplace husband, a serious, clear-thinking friend, an uneasy and too quick-tempered brother. The play runs on, gray, noiseless, without stir, dull in appearance, tragic and poignant in reality—a little like Chekhov's plays, but still a little more finely spun out.

M. Lodovici, who is still a very young man, wrote this play while he was a prisoner of war in the Fortress of Theresienstadt. His art is extraordinarily distinguished, with a touch so light that his play can hardly appeal to one auditor in a hundred of the ordinary audience; but there is that in it which stirs intense delight in the chosen few. Almost nothing is emphasized; everything is suggested by imperceptible little touches. I venture to say that M. Lodovici is one of those upon whom the Italian literary drama may base great hopes, although he is still scarcely known.

This, then, is a brief summary of the newer generation. I mean the generation that has sought to get away from middle-class comedy and to break with the old-fashioned rules. We have seen that original powers and talents are not lacking; and yet I have had to leave aside Enrico Serretta, L. Tonelli, Silvio Zambaldi, G. Forzano, Giorgieri-Contrì, Massimo Bontempelli, Giovanni Cenato, S. C. Natali, Nino Berrini, Mario Pensuit, and still others.

To encourage this dramatic renaissance, Bologna has seen the rise of an experimental theatre under the direction of MM. Lorenzo Ruggi and Gheraldi, who set out to produce, with the

assistance of such eminent artists as Ruggeri, Talli, De Sanctis, Zacconi, Borelli, la Duse, and so forth, unknown plays such as *Three Men and One Woman*, *If That Idiot Thought*, and *When the Cock Does n't Crow*. Moreover, a company like that of M. Pitoeff in Paris is touring the peninsula with a repertory consisting of new foreign and Italian plays, the foreign ones being principally Russian. This is the company of M. L. Picasso. Finally there is M. Bragaglia, editor of *The Chronicles of To-day*, an elaborate and vigorous review, who has set up at Rome an artistic experimental theatre suited to the most modern taste. Finally the novelist, dramatist, and critic, Lucio d'Ambra, — the one man in Italy who knows best our French literature and drama, and one of the most intelligently sympathetic men in Italy, — is about to found a theatre which is to be the home of a permanent company with a rarely eclectic repertory, to which we may wish the best

success, for France will be well represented in it.

The new movement in the Italian theatre seems to be a reaction of ideas and feeling against the fashionable theatre or the theatre that is of the earth earthy. With several striking exceptions, however, it has remained literary rather than popular. The mass of the public receives it with a curiosity that is often sympathetic, sometimes aggressive as well; but in Italy, as everywhere else, the traditional and commercial theatre is master, and it has not been shaken out of its throne. But, for all that, it means much that these artistic writers have been able to produce at all, have got a hearing, and have been able to work the radical progress that they have. After all, money success is not the measure of literature. If the new dramatic poets of Italy do not get rich, they will at least have honored their country and shown that it is capable of maintaining its rank in the drama of Europe.

AN OPEN LETTER TO BENITO MUSSOLINI

BY RICHARD NIKOLAUS COUDENHOVE-KALERGI

[Our readers will remember the writer of this article, a nobleman of high rank, but of wide and democratic sympathies, as the author of two previous articles, which appeared in our issues of December 2 and January 20. He is distinguished for the lucidity and the stimulating quality of his thought, and devotes his energies mainly to social and ethical problems.]

From the *Neue Freie Presse*, February 21
(VIENNA NATIONALIST-LIBERAL DAILY)

TO THE ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER: —

In the name of the youth of this Continent — Save Europe!

Of the three great nations that sprung from the Carolingian Empire two, the German and the French, have been for a thousand years at war with one another. The third, united Italy, is divinely called to end the hereditary quarrel of her sister nations, and to lay the corner-stone of Europe's recovery, its union, and its rebirth.

You love Italy. You have at heart her life and her development. But no nation can live and flourish if the world dies. Only in a healthy Europe can Italy really flourish; in a diseased Europe Italy must waste away. Whoever loves his country to-day must also love Europe. As a good Italian you must also be a good European, just as the greatest Italian of the past century, Giuseppe Mazzini, was the greatest European.

Gaze across the Atlantic. While Europe is torn to pieces from the Rhine to Thrace, her welfare decreasing and her misery, her debts, and her bitterness increasing, yonder in another continent, within a few weeks, the nations of a whole hemisphere will meet together in the spirit of mutual trust, and in the hope that the Pan-American Union will function for the preservation of peace and progress.

The Pan-American idea, promulgated a century ago by Bolivar, has become to-day the chief hope of humanity. United America marches at the head of the world — while wounded Europe bleeds to death in factional warfare.

Tolerate no longer this misery — this shame! While the Pan-Americans are deliberating at Santiago de Chile, do you call together the first Pan-European Conference at Rome! Rome, first capital of the Cæsars and of the Popes — let Rome be the mother of a new Europe!

Britain, by her mighty development, has become an intercontinental power — Russia an Eurasian. Both have expanded beyond the confines of Europe, and might survive its ruin. All Europe's other peoples, however, are fast bound to one destiny. For them there is but one choice: union or destruction.

Call together, therefore, in conjunction with the responsible Governments that feel an interest in the future of their continent, the democratic nations of Europe for the purpose of solving, in accord with the principles of justice, the controversy between Germany and France, and of laying the foundation-stone of the Pan-European Union!

A century after the enunciation of the Monroe Doctrine must come the Monroe Doctrine of our Continent: 'Europe for the Europeans!'

Pan-Europe will need a cordial understanding with its neighbor, Great Britain. An obligatory court of arbitration and a measure of disarmament on land, sea, and air would not be too big a price to pay for her friendship.

No danger threatens Europe from the North. The danger comes from the West economically, and politically from the East. An ununited Europe must inevitably fall a prey to American competition; an ununited Europe must fall under Russian hegemony. Only economic union, a court of arbitration, and an alliance can ensure the welfare, peace, and independence of Europe.

For if Russia, with the aid of a few good harvests, should recover from her economic plight before Europe was united, red or white Cossacks would be

refreshing their steeds in the waters of the Adria before a generation had passed, and Latin culture would be the victim of a second migration of peoples.

You, as the successor of Marius and Cæsar, have the power to postpone for centuries this second migration, because it depends upon your position in regard to the crisis in Europe, whether the swamps of the Dniester and Rokitno shall be Europe's frontiers toward Eurasia, or the Rhine and the Alps.

Ancient Greece fell because she conceived too late the idea of Pan-Hellenism. Save Europe from its fate! Plunge fearlessly into Europe's chaotic problem, and lay the foundation-stone of the United States of Europe!

Then shall your memory be blessed, your name immortal!

THE COBBLER'S LAST

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

From the *New Statesman*, January 6
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

It will amuse the leisure of posterity — if we cannot live in the Eighteenth Century, let us at least try to write like it — to observe under glass among the odder specimens of our age the modern collector. His tastes have varied through the long course of history. So long as he confined himself to such harmless rarities as stuffed crocodiles and two-headed lambs, he remained a figure of no particular significance, without ambitions, and useful only to sorcerers engaged in furnishing their studios. But when his range lengthened and his repertory came gradually to include the whole catalogue of tan-

gible objects, he attained a higher dignity, and he will probably be noticed by an observant posterity as one of the leading features of our time.

It is an odd, industrious little figure that goes about, in his favorite phrase, picking things up. Other ages have thrown things away; and their dust-heaps, at Tell el Amarna and Oxyrhynchus, are an impressive memorial, almost a mirror of their life. But the collector, scavenging indomitably in the wake of our civilization, will leave nothing whatever for posterity to find. When we perish, his collections will perish with us, and there will be not

ing left over to remember us by — not even our discarded doorknobs or our broken snuffboxes or the gay, pictorial lids of our bloater-paste. For they are all collected by someone; our refuse-heaps will yield nothing to the excavator but dust and ashes, and even our ashes are endangered by the ingenuities of fuel experts.

If you enumerate the collector's fancies, you will find that he has opened out to include the whole field of human phenomena. Sometimes he is straightforward enough, when he abandons himself to an honest pursuit of good art and sound furniture. There is nothing morbid about a taste for Sheraton or the simpler appetite for Rembrandts that impels cultured peach-packers to raise the price of tinned fruit in order to pay their debts to an art-dealer. But more often — there is probably an unpleasant explanation which any psychoanalyst could conceal behind his detestable terminology — the collector's fancy seems to run a crooked course. There is something faintly perverted about many of his preferences. You will find him, in the dark corners of bookshops, buying books for their misprints. He has been seen admiring prints because of some error that remained uncorrected on the plate. The fatal lure of rarity obscures for the collector the facile charms of perfection. It is enough for him — one is back again in the era of the two-headed lamb — that the specimen is unique.

Yet there is one field of rarity that remains singularly unexplored by the collector. It happens from time to time that a man who has attained distinction in one field of achievement exercises himself in another. These exercises are normally devoid of all distinction except their author's name. But one would have expected, by all the canons of connoisseurship, that they would practise a strange fascina-

tion upon the collector. 'Rafael made a century of sonnets.' You would think that Mr. Huntington would devastate the dollar exchange by the price paid at auction for this experiment in poetry by a master of painting. 'Dante once prepared to paint an angel.' The preparations were probably disastrous. But one can almost picture the scene at Christie's as the thousands leap into ten-thousands and the auctioneer holds his breath, while eager commission-agents, in emulation of Mr. Canning, call a New World into being to redress the balances of the Old.

There is a morbid attraction about these experiments. One has felt it, to some extent, over the French verses of Frederick the Great. They are not good verses; but then Frederick was not a good king. Yet at least he was a king; and one finds in the rather halting lullaby of his interminable Alexandrine a strange incommunicable thrill. It comes from a sudden realization that the lips which first muttered them were the thin lips of the King of Prussia, that the eye which was searching the rococo ceiling for inspiration — which never, never came — was the eye which faced Europe so steadily through seven years of war. The decorous Muse of the Eighteenth Century walks more than a little stiffly through those innumerable Odes to Glory, to Prince Henry of Prussia, to War, to the Margravine of Bayreuth, and to most of the primary virtues. Perhaps the Muse, poor lady, was aware that her partner in the dance was a crowned head.

Yet there is a dreadful fascination about such rarities. Napoleon once began to write a novel: it was called *Lord Essex*, and one can imagine the collectors of three continents elbowing one another in a wild attempt to bid for the tepid balderdash, because it was made by a man who could win battles. Something of the same attraction

clings to the sparse writings of British statesmen, those stern, illiterate figures whose heavy hands make empires and Poets Laureate. A few have written prose; but hardly one of them, since Mr. Canning, has struck the lyre.

Yet there was a Prime Minister once who wrote a tragedy in verse. It opens with an Advertisement which must win the sympathy of all historians: 'As there is no historical authority for the events of the celebrated Ballad on which this Tragedy is founded, I have fixed upon the thirteenth century for the period of their occurrence.' Many statesmen have been uncertain about their chronology. But can it be doubted that this preliminary tucket — how one catches the tone of the period — was sounded by an author who signed himself Δ and concealed behind that mysterious fragment of a dead language the personality of Disraeli?

He was writing with every possible advantage. He was beginning — it was the year 1838 — to get on in the world; he was in love; he was staying at a large country house. 'I wrote your name in large characters and placed it before me. I remembered your parting injunctions. I poured all my spirit into my tragedy. The effort was great' . . . and yet *Count Alarcos* is rarely performed in British theatres. Perhaps there was something wrong with the young lady's name. She was called Mary Anne. Yet the inspiration of Keats had survived still graver discouragements from the nomenclature of his adored. Perhaps there was something wrong with the critics. 'Strange that I never wrote anything that was more talked of in society, and yet it has never been noticed by the scribbling critics.' Perhaps — one shrinks from the conjecture — there was something wrong with the play.

It is a ripe exercise in the later manner of *Savonarola Brown*. The

characters include 'Count Alarcos, a Prince of the Blood,' 'Guzman Jaca, a Bravo,' and 'Graus, the Keeper of a Posada'; the supers, as you might expect, are 'Courtiers, Pages, Chamberlains, Bravos, and Priests'; and the Time, for reasons which the author had already stated, is 'the Thirteenth Century.' The scene is Burgos, and it opens with considerable flourish: —

Enter Two COURTIERS

1ST COUR.

The Prince of Hungary dismissed?

2ND COUR.

Indeed

So runs the rumor.

1ST COUR.

Why the spousal note

Still floats upon the air!

2ND COUR.

Myself this morn

Beheld the Infanta's entrance, as she turned,
Proud as some bitless bard, her haughty glance
On our assembled chiefs.

1ST COUR.

The Prince was there?

2ND COUR.

Most royally . . .

One is half afraid, as each line draws to its perfect close, that the poet will fail to keep it up. But with the astonishing energy which was to survive a lifetime spent in Opposition he maintains the splendid standard set in his opening passage. There are bold strokes of local color, such as: —

Yet on the Prado's walk came smiling by
The Bishop of Ossuna . . .

or the vivid ejaculation of a Spanish Friar: —

For the love of St. Jago, señors; for the love of St. Jago!

But the poet is at his happiest when he is most Shakespearean, even though he candidly confessed to his lady that he saw 'no use in writing tragedies unless they be as fine as Shakespeare's.' He revels in royal ladies who call a forward Page 'Rare imp'; his Bravos re-

flect credit on their schoolmasters with such admirable reminiscences of their education as, 'It was full of meat as an egg'; and the spirit of blank verse so dominates the drama that its last broken line is finished for him by the stage directions: —

Go tell him, sirs, the Count Alarcos lived
To find a hell on earth; yet thus he sought
A deeper and a darker. [Falls

THE END

Yet one fears that the passages which chilled Mr. Macready's enthusiasm were of the simpler sort: —

There was a sort of scene to-day at Court;
The Princess fainted — we were all dismissed
Somewhat abruptly . . .

During the labors of composition Mr. Disraeli had discovered that, of all forms of literature, tragedy 'requires the utmost skill and practice and profound composition. If mine ever appear, it shall be a masterpiece.' What appeared was *Count Alarcos*; and there are two wonderful things about it: the first is that the author, if he is to be believed, burned more of it than he printed; and the second is that in the year 1868 a version of it ran for five weeks at Astley's 'with the loudest demonstrations of applause from delighted audiences.' One feels that sometimes we may love our Prime Ministers too well.

THE BEACHCOMBERS' CLUB

BY THE IDLER

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QUITE recently I was elected to the most bizarre club in the world, and I feel justified in stating that, for fellowship and joyous conviviality, it is worth the membership in any other dozen societies or associations. You may perhaps prefer the Athenæum, the Junior Constitutional, the Savage, or the so-called Supper Clubs in which to while away the skein of life, but I will venture that you derive only a modicum of enjoyment thereby.

Have you ever by any rare chance received a brand new idea at any one of your clubs? Does the conversation sparkle and crackle with that effervescent quality conducive to original thinking? As a matter of fact, are not all the ideas and topics of conversation

either worn to a frazzle or else dull as ditchwater, the stories old and trite and the members themselves rather old-fogyish?

But there is a club '*sans rapproche et sans merci*,' without stuffy leather chairs, without smouldering fireplaces, without large plate-glass windows, without a library, and without even a bar. This club boasts of its newest rather than its oldest member; it lives in the future rather than continuously in the past, and it builds its structure on a foundation of ideas rather than on marble or stone.

I was strolling across the Garden Bridge toward the International Bund. He too was strolling apparently with-

out a care in the world. Falling into step at my side, 'Whither bound, old-timer?' he said. 'You don't remember me, I suppose, with all these hirsutal appendages?'

I took a good look at him, for certainly his outward appearance — he was clad in the garments of better days with a flowing brown beard and a hat that had once been a bowler — belied his cultured voice and gentle grace of manner. Although I had not seen him in eight years, since we both went to war, his voice held that same debonair insouciance that usually preceded a casual invitation to come, before 'putting the paper to bed,' and have a 'small one' at Perry's or Lipton's, the famous old cafés of Park Row. However, the eyes were the same clear blue that looked unafraid through the peepsights of a Lewis gun at St. Mihiel and the Argonne, and the hands with their long tapering fingers the same that deftly wielded a bit of charcoal that made the whole country sit up and gasp with wonderment at his daring cartoons of famous men and events.

'But,' I gasped, 'you surely are n't — but you were reported missing in action after the Beau Pré show? How come — and why, why the habiliments? Has n't the "ghost walked" in many months?'

He smiled enigmatically. 'If you have nothing better to do for an hour or two, suppose we stroll over to my club and meet some of my friends.'

We moved across the modern bridge, threading our way with difficulty between shouting coolies, draymen, and a gaudy funeral procession, and passed the polyglot humanity of many different castes, creeds, and colors, toward the broad International Bund, flanked on one side by lofty office buildings and spacious clubs and on the other by the little green park bordering the muddy Huangpo.

We turned into the winding walks of the gardens and proceeded to a spot where several benches were moved in a semicircle facing the harbor, with its teeming river traffic. The benches for the most part were deserted, since a chill wind sweeping down from the north took the warmth from the bright winter sunshine. Although I was warmly dressed I shivered instinctively and pulled my overcoat closer about my throat and then glanced appraisingly at my companion, who appeared thinly clad. Moving one of the benches to the lee of the band-stand out of deference to me, the former dilettante of society seated himself and bade me do likewise.

'Welcome to our club,' he said. 'I expect some of the members will be dropping in before long, really charming fellows, whom I know you will be glad to meet.'

'But,' I expostulated, 'surely you don't consider this your club? I mean — after all — you know that there are limits in wintertime —'

He smiled again, this time I thought out of sympathy for me. 'I see you still wear the same old shackles of society, have the same love of bodily comfort, cannot easily adapt yourself to a new situation. Why, think how much better this is than the thousands of shell holes we've bunked in together, and how much more comfortable. Here there is nothing to worry about — rations a bit scanty sometimes — but on the whole a great life for a soldier — and a man.'

I now was convinced that he had been a victim of shell-shock and began to consider the best means of shipping him home to his family. He evidently felt my apprehensions for his sanity, because he replied, 'I'm quite sane really; it's you who are the rainbow-chaser, always pottering about first with one thing and then another —'

never content to stay put — always striving to get something or somewhere and never quite reaching your expectations — and then eating your heart out with disappointment.'

His philosophizing was interrupted by one of the biggest men I have ever seen, who approached and stood towering above us. I took him in gradually from his rough leather boots, similar to a Canadian lumberjack's, with their inlaid silver design stretching halfway up his enormous thighs, to his Cossack tarboosh set at a rakish angle over one ear. My cartoonist friend presented me with a touch of jocular formality, stating that Boris was one of the newly arrived youngsters from Vladivostok who had come to cast his lot in Shanghai, following the capture by the Bolsheviks of the Far Eastern Republic.

Boris unbent and acknowledged the introduction in halting English, apologizing for his poor command of my mother tongue. He was a fluent French scholar and had studied in the Officers' School of the Russian Army at Krasnoe and St. Petersburg, so we conversed in French. He too had passed through the war, which quickly established a common bond of understanding, had seen most of the fighting on the Eastern Front, and had been present during the fall of Przysml. He was a member of the old Russian aristocracy and as we sat there he recounted several interesting reminiscences of his student days in St. Petersburg before the war.

I happened to inquire whether he intended seeing Pavlowa, who was playing an engagement in Shanghai at the time. He replied rather gruffly in the negative and conversation languished until my cartoonist friend explained in English, 'You see, Pavlowa is rather a sore point with Boris. We have all urged him to go and to send her a bouquet from the club; but Boris

feels that perhaps she might not quite understand, since in the old days — it was rather different — that's all.' I caught his nod and knew that the subject must not be brought up again.

Fortunately, to save any further embarrassment, two new arrivals 'strolled in' at this opportune moment. One was a swarthy chap dressed in conventional European clothes but wearing the gaudiest pink turban I have ever seen. It was just the color of strawberry ice cream. He was accompanied by a 'digger' from 'Haustraylia' of a most ferocious aspect, with a harelip and a large pointed molar that protruded. When the 'digger' shook hands the cartilage and bone felt crushed, but the kindly smile of his eyes and his real enthusiasm removed the sting of the first doubtful impression. He whistled shrilly to 'Tatters,' a dog of doubtful parentage, who was busily tearing up one of the flower beds in search of an elusive bone.

Tatters came rushing across to his master and held up his head for the caressing pat that followed. The group kept silent as the dog sniffed inquisitively at my boots and overcoat, and all watched expectantly. I felt as though some sacred rite was being performed, or as though, as a novice in the bond of fellowship, Tatters could either admit or reject me according to his whim.

Evidently my particular brand of boot polish met with his approbation, for he wagged his tail and emitted a few playful barks.

'Jakeloo digger! Put 'er there.' My hand was again crushed in the 'Aussy's' viselike grip. 'Old Tatters, 'e never pulls a bally bloomer. Why once in a do-up in Houdekerke 'e like to save the whole battalion . . .'

And so the story of Tatters's prowess was recorded in purest, 'Sydney-side.'

How in the dead of night, while the 'Famous Fighting Fourth' was waiting for a counter attack, Tatters, utilizing his olfactory powers, discovered a group of the enemy wriggling on their stomachs to make an enfilading attack, and had given tongue, saving the battalion from annihilation. A long horizontal scar running from his foreleg halfway down his back showed where a machine-gun bullet nearly 'did him in.' Tatters, realizing he was the subject of conversation, sat down proudly, then leaned forward and licked my hand. I felt as though the seal of royal approval had been placed upon my friendship.

Our conversation turned from the battlefields of Flanders to the heights of Nicaragua, where my cartoonist friend had tried to save a South American Republic from the hand of the invader, and then back to India, where Haffir Singh, of the strawberry turban, related the intricacies of a bomb plot that had been hatched at Delhi by malcontents to kill the British Governor-General.

In a curious mixture of closely clipped English and native dialect, he stated quite frankly his views regarding the futility of such a course of action, not because any moral scruples forbade, but because of the tremendous power of the British Empire, which was infallible, which seldom forgave, and 'never forgot' any untoward action.

Boris, who had become restive during this rather long exposition of morals and morality, stated that if Russia had maintained a similar policy there would never have been any revolution. He spoke of an experience, at the time he was a cadet at Krasnoe, when Tsar Nicholas arrived with the Tsaritsa to attend the sanctification of the famous Krasnoe Cathedral.

'We formed a portion of the guard

of honor and were drawn up along the railway-station platform. When the royal train arrived, the next to the last car was composed largely of plate glass and was brilliantly illuminated. Here the Tsar, the Tsaritsa, and the little Tsarevitch rode in full view of the populace. The train always proceeded at a leisurely pace so that the people of the countryside could see their ruler as he was carried past.

'The military escort was composed of picked sharpshooters, while detectives were placed at regular intervals all through the crowd at the station to see that no disturbance occurred. Such precautions were in the main unnecessary, for the Tsar was really very popular with the large mass of his people, who looked upon him not only as the "Little Father" but as possessing the inviolability which is the divine right of kings.

'Even to-day, in Bolshevik Russia, if a similar exhibition could be staged, I feel that the majority of the people would fall on their knees and worship as they did in times past, so strong is the custom of centuries, and so distasteful the present régime, which is entirely devoid of the pomp and ceremony so dear to the heart of the peasant.'

I had been so interested in Boris's conversation that I had not noticed two new arrivals who had seated themselves behind me. They were two Portuguese from the Cape Verde Islands, who were making their way around the world by easy stages in order to fulfill a religious vow. Quiet, sombre men, with finely chiseled ascetic faces, who had drifted to this motley gathering, strangely enough, for companionship. They declined both cigarettes and pipe tobacco, but munched dried lychee nuts from time to time.

I sought vainly to discover the bond of sympathy that linked this hetero-

geneous group together. I thought at first of the old adage, 'Misery loves company,' and that sooner or later I might be asked to assist some worthy cause, such as subscribing for a few bonds in the Beachcombers' Coöperative Society, Ltd.; but quite the contrary was the case. I broached the subject as delicately as possible to my friend, the cartoonist, offering him a temporary loan to be distributed among his fellow members, or a contribution that could be devoted to the good of the cause.

'I know your heart's in the right place, old friend,' he replied, 'but, you see, you have missed entirely the joy of living. Here, we are all philosophers of life, each contributing an idea or an experience that may help the other fellow on his way. If we were to become organized or commercialized all the romance and adventure of life would be ruined. The very fact that the majority of us do not know where the next meal is coming from — and care less — furnishes the dash of absinthe in the cocktail of the struggle for existence.

'Some men become drunk with wine or overstimulated by excitement of some sort. We derive our amusement from calmly contemplating the rest of the world, not in a cynical manner, but from the pedestal of those who have seen life in all its phases, and found it exceeding good. Until you cast aside the outward shackles of society it is impossible to appreciate your fellow

men, because the veneer of society is usually too thick for the real You to shine forth. One who is bound down by the continuous petty tyrannies of modern existence frequently becomes blind to the things which, after all, are the only things that count. The motto of our association is "Lovers of Life," and we try to show each day that we are worthy of the precious gift of life, by making the way a little easier for those who live alongside. I know it is impossible for you to understand our point of view, so why try? Merely take us as we are, and if you feel like contributing a little fellowship — we will be highly honored by your company.'

The sun was sinking behind the tall buildings on the Bund — the ever-present witness of our modern life and civilization. I wandered homeward forgetful of benumbed feet and hands, and stimulated by the thought that in this present day there could be found such a heterogeneous group of men from all strata of society who were truly and humbly searching to find the Golden Grail of shattered ideals.

It was a pleasant thought that even in the twentieth century there are a group of men — men who have done big things — who are earnestly striving to put just a little more into life for you and for me. The line of the Psalmist seemed particularly applicable to them and to all others like them: 'What hath God wrought?'

A PAGE OF VERSE

AT ITHACA

BY 'H. D.'

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

OVER and back,
the long waves crawl
and track the sand with foam;
night darkens, and the sea
takes on that desperate tone
of dark that wives put on
when all their love is done.

Over and back,
the tangled thread falls slack,
over and up and on;
over and all is sewn;
now while I bind the end,
I wish some fiery friend
would sweep impetuously
these fingers from the loom.

My weary thoughts
play traitor to my soul,
just as the toil is over;
swift while the woof is whole,
turn now, my spirit, swift,
and tear the pattern there,
the flowers so deftly wrought,
the border of sea blue,
the sea-blue coast of home.

The web was over-fair,
that web of pictures there,
enchantments that I thought
he had, that I had lost;
weaving his happiness
within the stitching frame,
weaving his fire and fame,
I thought my work was done,
I prayed that only one
of those that I had spurned
might stoop and conquer this
long waiting with a kiss.

But each time that I see
my work so beautifully
inwoven and would keep
the picture and the whole,
Athene steels my soul.
Slanting across my brain,
I see as shafts of rain
his chariots and his shafts,
I see the arrows fall,
I see my lord who moves
like Hector lord of love,
I see him matched with fair
bright rivals, and I see
those lesser rivals flee.

THE LAPIDARY

BY C. FIELD

[*Cambridge Review*]

By pangs which seem cruel,
By anguish profound,
Man's spirit, God's jewel,
Is polished and ground.

Time's wheel steady-turning,
Pain's fiery law,
By grinding and burning,
Expel the last flaw.

O Gem in the Artist
Rejoice and be still!
Each ray which thou dartest
Is proof of His skill.

His skill stern and tender,
Which never lets go,
Till blazes in splendor
God's jewel aglow.

When ashes join ashes,
And dust goes to dust,
The glory that flashes
Shall vindicate trust.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

BAYREUTH AND POLITICS

THE fate of the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth hangs on the turn of political events in Europe. Talking with a correspondent of the *London Observer*, Siegfried Wagner, son of the great composer and himself a conductor of distinction, has explained that the fall of the mark makes it doubtful whether the festival can be held at all. Prior to the war the cost was 650,000 marks. Before abandoning hope of financing this year's festival from German sources, Herr Wagner had got together about seven million marks, but, as he says, 'that won't go very far.'

In spite of dismaying prospects, Herr Wagner is not without hope. Like most Europeans he looks to America to extricate him from his difficulties, and anticipates sufficient returns from his prospective series of concerts in the United States to enable Bayreuth to reassume its old position as a Wagner shrine. However, he has not been able to leave Germany as early as he hoped, for 'the movements of the French are too perplexing to warrant my leaving my old mother and my little children alone in Bavaria. We live under the shadow of a fear that they may march in upon us any time. This is much more actual than any thought of separatism, which I look upon as nonsense.'

He relies, too, upon the pride which German singers have always taken in appearing at Bayreuth. Although the plaint has long been heard that the high American exchange has drawn to our shores the best orchestral players and the best opera singers of the Old World, he believes that they will all come flocking back to offer their services if the Bayreuth Festival can again be given.

As he told the correspondent: 'It is my absolute conviction that all asked to take part will come back to Bayreuth from all parts of the world. They always did. And I refuse to believe in any decay of German musical life. For me there is no other country but Germany where music is concerned: to me the least of our orchestras is a better interpreter of our great ones than the finest elsewhere — Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, my father.'

Herr Wagner bitterly attacked the modern tendency to simplify the settings of Wagnerian opera. 'Nobody will persuade me,' he said, 'to believe that the underlying idea of cutting out my father's elaborate stage directions is any but desire for cheapness of production. I maintain that as it is written so it should be carried out. How is one to express the atmosphere of the different centuries without the scenery as well as the costumes? At a pinch, I will allow that the smallness of a stage may set up a demand for strictest simplicity of detail. But big stages want filling. At Bayreuth we shall never alter in this respect.'



'G. K. C.'S WEEKLY'

G. K. C.'s Weekly is to be the title of a new London sixpenny review designed to carry the ideas hitherto expounded in the *New Witness* to a wider public than the old weekly could reach. It will appear next spring — always provided that the necessary working capital of 10,000 pounds can be procured.

In 1911 Cecil Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc founded the *New Witness*. From the beginning it was a paper with a thesis, and it scorned all thoughts of compromise. It was Catholic first and

foremost. It was naturally, therefore, anti-Socialist, but it was anti-Capitalist too. It advocated a theory all its own — distributism, the development of small property. It was deep in the exposure of the Marconi scandals, and for years it delivered shrewd thrusts at various foes.

As Mr. Belloc wrote a few months ago, 'our object was to explain and prove by example the thesis that if you allowed the professional politician to take money, if you once made that system common and tolerated it, England would suffer.'

After Cecil Chesterton's death, his brother became editor. The magazine has always had to struggle hard, and its circulation is said to be only a couple of thousand. Its financial difficulties are thus described by its present editor: —

It lost the support of the one or two rich men who had helped it in the Marconi days, and lost them mainly by maintaining its principles; in one case by its attack on divorce, in another case by its apology for democratic industrial discontents. The result is that many of our best workers have to work gratuitously and nothing is secure. From that time until quite lately, when larger support began to look more promising, its bare survival has been a piece of perpetual patchwork. It has been saved again and again at the point of extinction, by small sums collected by those who read it or contributed by those who conduct it. Just recently, for the first time, the hope of further help from one generous individual, outside the group, has enabled us to consider seriously the possibilities of renewal.

No whit discouraged by their difficulties, the *New Witness* group have decided that a more deliberate popular appeal is what they need. The *New Witness* had been too exclusively controversial. *G. K. C.'s Weekly* will have the usual special features of the English weeklies and extended comment on events of the day — though natu-

rally it will keep a sharp eye open for abuses.

Its title is chosen after the precedent of *T. P.'s Weekly* and *John o'London's Weekly*. Mr. Chesterton says that he 'accepted with reluctance verging on rage' the idea of calling the paper by his name. 'But,' he added, 'it is very difficult to get a name that at all expresses what we want to maintain in this paper. It is not anything covered by any of the current party names, or even the most general names, like Liberal, Labor, or Socialist. As a matter of fact, Mr. Belloc and I are the only persons at all known who maintain the view for which the new paper is to stand.'

'It is what Mr. Bernard Shaw called "the Chester-Belloc view." We think that the modern evil is monopoly. Our objection to Socialism is that it is really only the culmination of Capitalism, and our objection to Capitalism is that it is likely to turn into Socialism, because what they have in common is that they both make wealth impersonal and centralized.'

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DICKENS PÈRE AND DICKENS FILS

PLEADING at the Old Bailey in London on behalf of a company director accused of obtaining money on false pretenses from ex-service men, an English K. C. not long ago attempted to take advantage of the fact that the Common Sergeant hearing the case was the son of Charles Dickens, Sir H. F. Dickens, K. C.

'Although plausible, there is something fascinating about this man,' he said. 'He has a wonderfully sanguine temperament. He is the sort of man, if I may say so, that your father would have liked to portray.'

The son was not to be deterred from his legal duty by the mention of his illustrious father. The felon got eighteen months.

FOURTEENTH-CENTURY PICTURES IN A
NORFOLK CHURCH

PEELING plaster and the painstaking investigations of a local antiquary have brought to light mural paintings dating from the fourteenth century, in the Church of St. Margaret, which stands within half a mile of the sea on the Norfolk coast near North Walsham. The discovery confirms a local legend of hundreds of years' standing. The walls have been treated with plaster and wash from time to time, and have long had their present dull and forbidding appearance. Nevertheless the tradition lingered that in days long gone by they had been adorned with mural paintings.

Last winter stains appeared on the north wall, and the vicar consulted Mr. H. Loraine, an enthusiastic antiquary who, after two months' painstaking work, brought a complete figure to light. Further endeavor revealed an entire sacred picture which was finally identified as a painting of Saint Christopher and the Holy Child. The principal figure is about twelve feet in height, and the draftmanship is firm and free. The old artist has given a wonderful expression to the eyes of the Saint, who gazes in adoration upon the infant Jesus supported on his arm. The figure of the child is drawn in the conventional mediæval manner, with an orb in one hand and the other hand extended in blessing. Only one leg is visible, but curiously enough the foot has six toes.

The vandals who first applied the plaster have done their work only too well in the lower part of the wall, and the background of the picture seems to be beyond restoration. Other groups of figures have also been brought to light, one consisting of three skeletons grouped together. But the remainder of this picture has been destroyed. It

is supposed to represent the legend of *Les trois morts et les trois vifs*.

Another group seems to represent a scene at the Crucifixion. Still other paintings were completely obliterated with thick red paint before being plastered over, so that their restoration is hopeless. A few ornamental texts have been discovered. These are apparently due to the restorers who destroyed the pictures.

The church is on the site of a still earlier sacred building, and probably conceals some extremely interesting relics of Norman England, and perhaps even of Saxon times. It was built in the fourteenth century, and the appointment of its first Rector, William Kenyng, is dated 1325. It contains many memorials to the Paston family and a number of works of art which delight the antiquaries, including palimpsest bronzes of the sixteenth century, a fourteenth-century chest, beautiful copies of Erasmus' paraphrase of the Gospels, dated 1547, and Bishop Jewel's *Defense of the Church of England*, dated 1609.

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THE REVENGE OF TUTANKHAMEN

FEELING has gradually been rising in Great Britain against the 'desecration' of King Tutankhamen's tomb, sentiment which has not been without its counterpart in our own and other countries. Sir Rider Haggard, Director-General Martin Conway of the Imperial War Museum, and other prominent men have had the usual recourse of the irate Briton and have 'written to the *Times* about it.' The strongest argument, to the average British mind, is an appeal to the possible future fate of the historic dead in Westminster Abbey; and this leads the *Morning Post* to head a column, 'Egypt's Revenge,' and to imagine history repeating itself some thousands of years hence: —

Britain will long have relapsed into a land of forest and swamps inhabited only by a few stunted savages. The Egyptians, masters of the world, will have no reason for troubling about such a country. But their insatiable curiosity and restlessness drive them on into exploring the pathless jungles so repulsive to men coming from the land of the Nile. The search is rewarded presently by discovery of the remains of large edifices which seem to have been used for religious purposes.

By this time enthusiasm has risen to such a point that in the Cairo and Alexandria papers you can find more about this ancient Britain than about the living affairs of Egypt. The following extract from the leading journal of the day will give an idea of the situation:—

‘Yesterday’s exhumations were again of surpassing interest. They include the discovery of the sarcophagi of two Sub-Kings, or Viceroy, of the Gorgian or last period of British supremacy, Lloyd Gorgio and Esquidd. The habit these people had of attaching generally a bust and always an inscription to the stone monument above the burial place makes identification easy. It is not so easy to judge, however, where the powers of the Sub-Kings and those of the lineal Kings divided off. The office of the dynastic King was probably chiefly religious. He is constantly entitled, even on their coins, “Defender of the Faith”; but he also had command of the Army and Navy. But in later Gorgian times the Viceroy seem to have usurped most of the powers in the State.

‘We have now the materials for an almost exact history of the period. Of the first two Kings of the line no traces remain. Gorgio III reigned for very many years, but was latterly afflicted with a loss of mind, in pun-

ishment, it is supposed, for his opposition to a Minister called Fokkus, a man of eminent sanctity. Gorgio IV lived to an immense age. He married a Queen called Victorine, who in his later years seems to have established a complete ascendancy in the Government. This question will probably be made clearer as soon as the Royal lady’s remains have been reached.

‘Owing to the length of this King’s days, the encroachments of the Sub-Kings were constantly advancing, so that the position of his successor, Gorgio V, must have been very difficult from the first. Yet, in spite of their hunger for power, these Sub-Kings must have been very worthy men, for the inscriptions continually refer to their “sense of duty” (which may be translated *Foh*) and “purity of conduct” (*Ba*). Lloyd Gorgio, by his name, may be safely put down as having belonged to the blood royal.

With this advantage, he no doubt aimed at supplanting his kinsman, the occupant of the Throne. His bust shows a man of pleasant and intelligent looks, as the British standard goes, yet with a suggestion of wile. Actually he seems to have led the way to the subversion of the State by his overtures to the *fellaheen*, whose pretensions were already becoming a menace to all order and discipline.

‘But the most interesting discovery of all is that reported at the moment of closing, namely, the coffin of “Earl Carnavon.” The lid has not yet been broken, but the cartouche and emblems are said to leave no doubt as to the identity. In a few hours we may hope to gaze on the desecrator of the tombs of the Pharaohs and of the man who stole the obelisk from Alexandria, to set it up on the banks of the Thames. More to-morrow.’

BOOKS ABROAD

The Decadence of Europe, by Francesco Nitti.
London: Fisher Unwin, 1923.

[*Spectator*]

THIS book is an outburst. Hence its limitations, but also some of its charm. It is one of those books in which there is no progression of chapter following chapter in logical sequence, each dealing with some different aspect of the subject, and only seen to form one whole when the book is laid down. Rather is Signor Nitti's work all one long chapter, all on one aspect of one problem, with each new fact and argument flung on to the top of the last: not joined to it like a new step of a stairway leading to irrefutable conclusion, but simply piled upon the last so that conclusion may be reached in the end only, if at all, by the mere height of the heap. Yet Nitti's method suits, in some respects, his theme. After all, if one is out to write a Jeremiad, it can hardly be called a fault to imitate Jeremiah, for what we might call the 'cumulative' method was certainly that of the prophet.

The Decadence of Europe is, indeed, another of those attempts to cry halt to a headstrong world which particular writers from time to time become convinced is rushing to its ruin. Now, in this case, nearly everyone in this country will grant Nitti's main contention — namely, that Europe *is* in a state of decadence. Hence we cannot well judge the book as an agent of persuasion for that view. Taking for granted, then, this pessimistic outlook, we must consider such analysis of the causes and suggested remedies for the admitted situation as the book offers.

The burden of Signor Nitti's — we might really almost say — 'song,' for he appeals rather more to the emotions than the reason, is that the present political configuration of Europe is wholly artificial, supported solely by the Versailles, Trianon, St. Germain, and Neuilly Treaties, and conflicts at every point with both ethnographical and economic necessities; that this arrangement is held in place simply by the military power of France and her essential outpost of Poland; that if either of these supports gave way the whole system of, in Clemenceau's words, 'peace as war conducted with other weapons' would crash down; that so long as this system is in force the economic life of Europe will remain paralyzed and her world-covering dominance will fade as fast and as strangely as it arose. A chapter of history will be closed. For upon her power of production in the end depends her intellectual life. Her universities will be as silent as her factories. Already that great seat of learning at Vienna — not the least ancient nor the least re-

nowned that the world may boast of — is showing in the agony of its professors and its students what will soon be the fate of any who dare to care for learning.

Nouvelles pages de critique et de doctrine, by Paul Bourget. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1922. 2 vols., 7fr. 50 each.

[*Le Livre des Livres*]

M. PAUL BOURGET has just collected under the title, *Nouvelles pages de critique et de doctrine*, a series of studies, chronicles, and remarks running from the end of the last century to the first months of 1922. At first blush it seems as if such a collection must be a heterogeneous assemblage of varied merit. But it is not: first, because nothing that Bourget has written can be a matter of indifference; second, because the least scrap from him is rich in substance; and finally, because of the unified doctrine that vivifies these literary, philosophic, political, and social discussions. In the literary part of his work, in his observations on Balzac, Flaubert, Mérimée, and the French novel, he unfolds two or three fundamental laws: credibility, or the art of making things probable, care for composition, and the value of psychological analysis. In philosophy he offers science as a substitute for 'scientificism,' freedom for determinism, the duality of matter and a higher being, and an inborn plurality of species in contrast to monism and transformism. Finally, in politics and sociology, being nourished on Taine's *Origines* and Renan's *Réforme intellectuelle et morale*, he condemns democracy, state supremacy, centralization, and demands order and authority.

The great merit of this book is that it suggests so much and makes you think — the mark of a master.

The Life and Teaching of Jesus the Christ, by A. C. Headlam, Bishop of Gloucester. London: John Murray, 1923. 12s.

[Canon Barnes, F.R.S., in *Sunday Times*]

MANY beyond the boundaries of his own Church will welcome *The Life and Teaching of Jesus the Christ*, which Dr. Headlam has just published. It is, unfortunately, less complete than its title would suggest, for it does not take us beyond the end of the Galilean ministry. Dr. Headlam expects to be able subsequently to finish his study; and his energy is such that we may hope that his recent appointment as Bishop of Gloucester will not deprive him of the necessary leisure. Whatever the future may bring, he has given us a valuable and much-needed work.

There have been innumerable Lives of Jesus. In the middle of last century those by Strauss and Renan became famous — some would say notorious in this country. At a later date Farrar's *Life of Christ* had a large sale. But all these books were written before critical analysis of the Gospels had reached its present development. Of late we have had *By an Unknown Disciple*, a brilliant, but frankly imaginative, picture of scenes in the Lord's life. Equally brilliant is Dr. Glover's *Jesus of History*, which deserves to rank as a classic. It is written with the art that conceals art; and, though apparently simple, it rests upon a solid basis of accurate scholarship. But we needed a book, less impressionist in character than Dr. Glover's, which should show the arguments and counter-arguments on which scholars rest their conclusions.

Such a book Dr. Headlam was well qualified to write. His distinguished career as an undergraduate at Oxford ended some forty years ago; and since then he has devoted his life to theological study. His ability is great, his knowledge is wide, and his judgment is sound. Though conservative by temperament, his mind is active and open. He values too highly the esteem of other scholars to try to reach 'orthodox' conclusions by ingenious but biased arguments. Temper and training alike make him singularly well fitted for the work which he has undertaken.

Moreover, his position in the Church of England will reassure many who otherwise might regard some of his conclusions as dangerously Modernist.

Colonel Despard and Other Studies, by Sir Charles Oman. London: Edward Arnold, 1923. 10s. 6d.

[Outlook]

THIS is a curiously mixed lot. It is a far cry from the Cato Street conspiracy to the Crusades, from the Byzantine hero, Basil of Cappadocia, to a discussion of the currency under the Tudor Kings of England. But, from the point of view of the popularity of history, it might be a good thing if distinguished historians like Professor Oman would give us a few more of these *viandes assorties*. Professor Oman himself recognizes, in one of the brightest of the essays in this book, the difficulty of keeping on the right side of the public. People come to the historian and ask: 'What was the effect of the rise of Christianity on the Roman Empire?' or — if they are very stupid — 'What was the date of the Renaissance?' It is impossible to reply to the former without annoying

someone, and it is impossible to reply to the latter at all.

'History,' says Professor Oman, 'is not what the practical man would like to find, a record of names, dates, and events; it is the interpretation of these things from the point of view of the historian.' We are not sure that we agree with that. At any rate, it may be suggested that historians might try to meet the 'practical man' halfway by giving him more facts and fewer deductions. Of the advantages of such an accommodation this thin volume is an illustration, for Professor Oman's space is so limited that, having stated his facts, he is usually compelled to leave us to make our own deductions. And that, we fancy, is what the public wants. Professor Oman has a well-deserved kick at the literary men who have lately taken to writing condensed 'histories' of everything with no justification but a fluent pen. He remarks that 'to attack such subjects with no wide knowledge of languages, no power or leisure to read original authorities, no foundation of detailed studies, can only result in producing the second-rate at second-hand.'



BOOKS ANNOUNCED

BALFOUR, LORD. *Theism and Thought — Being a Study of Familiar Beliefs*. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923. Already announced, but no date for publication fixed.

MILNER, LORD. *Questions of the Hour*. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923. Exact date of publication not announced. This will probably include some of the studies on industrial topics which Lord Milner has been publishing in the *Sunday Times*.

SCOTT MONCRIEFF, C. K. *Marcel Proust: An English Tribute*. London: Chatto and Windus, 1923. To be published late in the spring. Among the contributors are Professor Saintsbury, Joseph Conrad, Arnold Bennett, J. Middleton Murry, and Aldous Huxley. There will be a trade edition and a limited number of *de luxe* copies.



BOOKS MENTIONED

ALVEREZ, ARTURO COSTA. *Nuestra lengua*. Buenos Aires, 1922.

FARIGOULE, LOUIS. *La vision extra-rétinienne et le sens paroptique*. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. Second edition, 1921.

PIRANDELLO, LUIGI. *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and two other plays. New York: Dutton, 1922.